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PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Part I—Sec. 1—Prayer.

No. 1 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!

2 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

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3 WHAT A FRIEND.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

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4 *EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

SAVIOUR more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee,
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

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5 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,

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And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Cho.—O, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
O, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

6 DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

ERE you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield to-day?

Cho.—Oh, how praying rests the weary!
Pray'r will change the night to day;
So, when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

2 When you met with great temptation
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

3 When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,

That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

4 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

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7 *I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, oh! I need thee,
Every hour I need thee:
O bless me now my Saviour
I come to thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour:
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

*Copyright 1872 by Rev. R. Lowry.

8 WITNESS OF ADOPTION.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

9 *NEAR THE CROSS.

JESUS keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;

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Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

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10 O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And drink the flowing fountain,
Of everlasting love?

REF.—Christ is all the world to me,
And his glory I shall see;
And before I'd leave my Saviour,
I'd lay me down and die.

2 When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jessus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

3 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er.

4 And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.

5 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

6 Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

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11 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—O Jesus receive me!
No more will I grieve thee!
Thou, precious Redeemer,
Oh, save me at the cross!

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

12 SWEET PRAYER.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

CHO.—Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by pray'r.

When pleasures would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms—
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare;
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer,

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss:
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium but this;
And till we the seraphs' full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

13 THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose.

CHO.—‖: My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee. :‖

2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee!

Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:
‖: O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend! :‖

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
‖: Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee. .‖

14 THE FATHER OF MERCIES.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

15 SEEKING PERFECT REST IN CHRIST.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind;
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

16 BETHANY.

NEARER my God, to Thee,
Nearer I sigh:
Nearer, I fain would be,
Nearer, still cry!
Nearer, when woes assail,
Nearer, when joys prevail,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 The world is dark and drear,
I feel so lone:

Beset with sin and fear,
I sigh and moan;
Nor can I comfort see
Till I can nearer be,
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

3 The crosses on me laid
Still press me down:
One cross can give me aid,
One cross alone;
The cross of Calvary—
My Saviour's cross—lifts me
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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17 I NEED THE PRAYERS.

I NEED the pray'rs of those I love!
I need the sweet, sweet feeling,
That suit for me is urged above,
Whene'er dear friends are kneeling.
Amid life's cares, I need the pray'rs,
I need the pray'rs, I need the pray'rs,
Amid life's cares, I need the pray'rs,
I need the pray'rs of those I love,

2 Of those I love the pray'rs I need!
They know my wants and ailings,
They know the way to intercede,
For all my faults and failings.
On bended knee, Remember me,
Remember me, Remember me,
On bended knee Remember me,
Remember me On bended knee.

3 Of those I love I need the pray'rs!
Whene'er God's throne addressing,

'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in show'rs of blessings.
Who love me yet, Oh ne'er forget,
Oh, ne'er forget; Oh, ne'er forget;
Who love me yet, Oh, ne'er forget,
Oh, ne'er forget, Who love me yet.

18 PSALM XC.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

19 THE BACKSLIDER'S PRAYER.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
‖: That leads me to the Lamb. :‖

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
‖: Of Jesus and his word? :‖

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
‖: The world can never fill. :‖

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
‖: And drove Thee from my breast. :‖

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
‖: And worship only Thee. :‖

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
‖: That leads me to the Lamb.:‖

20 HOW PRECIOUS THE BLOOD.

HOW precious the blood,
How precious the blood,
He shed upon Calvary's brow!
'Twill cleanse me within,
'Twill free me from sin,
And make me e'en whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow,
Yes, whiter than snow;
How precious the blood
From Calvary's brow!
'Twill cleanse me within,
'Twill free me from sin,
And make my soul e'en whiter than snow.

2 How precious the blood,
How precious the blood,
He gave as a ransom for me!
'Twill cleanse ev'ry stain,
Remove ev'ry pain
Which now in my spirit may be.

3 How precious the blood,
How precious the blood,
Oh, sprinkle it now in Thy love!
'Twill save me to-day,
'Twill save me for aye,
And fit me for heaven above.

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21 "WONDERFUL IN COUNSEL."

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

22 MUTUAL AID.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

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23 O, HOW I LOVE JESUS!

ALAS and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

REF.—O, how I love Jesus!
O, how I love Jesus!
O, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

24 *THE PRECIOUS NAME.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

25 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REF.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;

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The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

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26 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'er-cometh
God giveth a crown,

Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

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27 TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

TELL me all about Jesus,
Who came from heav'n above;
Tell me of his goodness,
More of his precious love.

CHO.—Tell me all about Jesus,
Tell me that I may know,
The story of the Saviour,
Who loves, who loves me so.

2 Tell me all about Jesus,
The Lamb of Calvary;
Tell me more of his mercy,
More of his grace to me.

3 Tell me all about Jesus,
Who daily cares for me;
Tell me why he should love me,
Why he should die for me.

4 Tell me all about Jesus,
Repeat the story o'er;
Never shall I grow weary,
Hearing it more and more.

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28 MORE LIKE JESUS.

I WANT to be more like Jesus,
And follow him day by day;

I want to be true and faithful,
And every command obey.

REF.—More and more like Jesus,
I would ever be;
More and more like Jesus,
My Saviour who died for me.

2 I want to be kind and gentle
To those who are in distress;
To comfort the broken hearted
With sweet words of tenderness.

3 I want to be meek and lowly,
Like Jesus, our Friend and King;
I want to be strong and earnest,
And souls to the Saviour bring.

4 I want to be pure and holy,
As pure as the crystal snow;
I want to love Jesus truly,
For Jesus loves me, I know.

29 & 30 REFUGE. MARTYN.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
‖: Oh, receive my soul at last. :‖

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,

Cover my defenceless head
‖: With the shadow of thy wing. :‖

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
‖: Thou art full of truth and grace. :‖

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
‖: Rise to all eternity! :‖

31 FOLLOW ME.

WOULD you truly follow Jesus?
You must watch the whole way thro',
You must guard, as for the Master,
Ev'rything you say and do.

CHO.—Follow the Saviour ev'rywhere,
Bearing the cross or wearing the crown;
Follow him on tho' dangers frown,
Follow the Saviour ev'rywhere.

2 If your heart is fill'd with gladness,
Ring it out and set it free;
Tell to all the joy of Jesus,
Ever live that all may see.

3 You may be a living witness,
Let your service joyful be;

Some perhaps that halt and linger,
May be watching you and me.

4 If, to prove your love to Jesus
You can not do all you would;
He accepts the smallest tribute,
If you've done whate'er you could.

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32 UP YONDER.

THO' our pathway may be dreary,
Yonder there is light;
And a Hand when we are weary,
Reaching thro' the night.

CHO.—There are worlds of light up yonder,
There is always light up yonder,
In the darkest night;
There are worlds of light,
If we lift our eyes up yonder.

2 Never then despair or wonder;
Only day by day,
As the darkness drifts asunder,
We shall find our way.

3 One has trod the steps before us,
Marking all the way;
While his watchful care is o'er us,
We need never stray.

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33 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin has left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy pow'r, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

34 OH! 'TIS WONDERFUL.

IN the Gospel's sweet old story,
Lo! I read it's golden theme,
How the Prince of life and glory,
Came to suffer and redeem.

REF.—Oh! 'tis wonderful, wonderful,
Yes, 'tis wonderful, wonderful!
Oh! 'tis wonderful, wonderful,
The story of his love.

2 Sin its secret work was plying,
Adding guilt with ev'ry day,
Till I read that Christ in dying,
Died to take my guilt away.

3 To his love I was a stranger,
To his call I gave no heed,
Till at last I saw my danger,
Found the friend I stood in need.

35 THE TRUE VINE.

THE voice of the Lord sweetly sayeth to me,
The true vine am I, and the branches are ye;
Abide ye in me, all ye branches of mine,
Abide, oh, abide in the true living vine.

CHO.—Lovely vine, let thy life, through us flow;
No life out of thee can we know;
Oh, Love all divine, flowing ever through the vine,
To thee will thy branches ever grow.

2 Thou, Father, all holy, the husbandman art;
The branch without fruit will thy hand take away;
Oh, all-seeing Eye, rather purge thou my heart,
And let me, dear Lord, from thee ne'er go astray!

3 Much fruit may we bear to thy glory, oh, Lord,
As upward we grow through the vine unto thee;
Abiding in love, and obeying thy word,
Thy branches forever and ever to be!

36 TITUS II. 10-13.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

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37 THE BLESSINGS IN PRAYER.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God desires to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him: thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not: his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

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38 THE REST OF FAITH.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art love alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart
The Sabbath of thy love.

39 PERFECT PURIFICATION.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

40 WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

NO one can tell when the Saviour shall come,
Whether in day, or in night's solemn gloom;
But this we know, and it bringeth sweet cheer—
"We shall be like him, when he shall appear."

REF—When he shall appear, when he shall appear,
We shall be like him when he shall appear!

2 Oh, blessed hope, that hath lifted the weak,
And thrilled with rapture the thirsty who seek
Joy at the Fountain that flows ever clear;
"We shall be like him, when he shall appear."

3 Even to me this sweet promise is giv'n!
That I may shine in the glory of heav'n:
Life's heavy burdens I'll cheerfully bear;
"We shall be like him, when he shall appear."

4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will,
Soon he will come and his promise fulfill.
Ever be ready his summons to hear:
"We shall be like him, when he shall appear."

41 FOOT-STEPS OF JESUS.

SWEETLY, Lord, have we heard thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where thy foot-prints falling,
Lead us to thee.

CHO.—Foot-prints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where'er they go.

2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway keeping,
We follow thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

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42 HEAR OUR PRAYER.

OUR heav'nly Father! as we bow before thee,
Hear us, thy children, in our humble pray'r;
In childlike trust our souls would fain adore thee,
And praise and bless thee for thy loving care.

2 Thou art our Father, thou so high and holy,
And we may venture on thy name to call;
For still thy voice invites the meek and lowly,
Thy heav'nly love does seek and keep us all.

3 Help us to lay aside all worldly feeling,
To give our hearts to goodness, truth, and love;
Oh, send thy Spirit, with its deep revealing,
To lift our souls from earth to heav'n above.

---

43 BY AND BY.

IT may be far, it may be near,
There is a hope, there is a fear,
But in the future waiting I
Shall Jesus see, yes, "by and by."

CHO.—By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
But in the future waiting, I
Shall Jesus see, yes, "by and by."

2 Impatient soul, and murmuring heart,
Your murmuring cease and bear your part
Of pain and labor on life's road,
For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

3 Yes, "by and by" will soon be now,
And God shall wipe each tear-stain'd brow;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne,
To living fountains lead his own.

4 O, verdant fields! O, shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
Ah, golden city, surely I
Shall see thy glories "by and by."

44 *KEEP ON PRAYING.

LONG my spirit pined in sorrow,
Watching, waiting, all in vain;
Waiting for a golden morrow,
Free from worldly care and pain,
When I heard a sweet voice saying,
In the accents of a friend:
"Cheer up, brother, keep on praying,
Keep on praying to the end."

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
Keep on praying; heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win:
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Plead with faith in Calv'ry's story,
Till your joys are all complete.

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3 How the angel-band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heav'nly voices,
"Keep on praying all your days:
Praying until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away."

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45 THE SPIRIT INVOKED.

CELESTIAL Dove, Come from above,
And guide me in thy ways:
My heart prepare For solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.

2 Open mine eyes, And make me wise
My int'rest to discern:
From every sin, Without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

3 Fly to my aid, When I'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress;
My foes subdue, And bring me through
This howling wilderness.

---

46 WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
‖: That trembles in the breast. :‖

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye.
‖: When none but God is near. :‖

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
‖: The Majesty on high. :‖

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christians native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
‖: He enters heaven with prayer. :‖

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
‖: And cry, "Behold, he prays!" :‖

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod
‖: Lord, teach us how to pray. :‖

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47 THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE SOUGHT.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy Divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!

3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise:
And unto these will I devote
The remnant of my days.

48 LOOKING TO JESUS.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will;
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

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49 MC ANALLY. C. M. DOUBLE.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,

While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, tho' they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

---

50 SEEKING FOR ME.

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me,
Seeking for me, seeking for me,
Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me.

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me,
Dying for me, dying for me,
Dying for me, dying for me;

Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wonder afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath pled with my soul,
Calling for me, for me,
Calling for me, calling for me,
Calling for me, calling for me;
Gently and long he hath pled with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me,
Coming for me, coming for me,
Coming for me, coming for me;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

---

51 ALBION.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

52 MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET.

WHILE thee I see, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

---

53 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story;
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best

Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

---

54 PEACE, BE STILL.

ROCKED upon the raging billow,
While the tempest tossed the deep,
Calmly on the seaman's pillow,
Jesus lay in quiet sleep.
Wilder grew the storm and faster;
Soon the waves the vessel fill;
Wake, they cry, we perish, Master!
He can save us if he will.

CHO.—Sweetly hear the Saviour saying—
Stormy sea and tempest staying,
Wind and waters all obeying,
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still!"

2 Frightened, faithless, trembling, tearful,
Jesus kindly to them saith:
Why, O why are ye so fearful?
How is it ye have no faith?
Lord, we perish, they are crying;
Save us, Lord, they pray, until,
Calm as softest zephyrs sighing,
Wind and sea obey his will.

3 When with sorrows o'er us breaking,
Or with sin's wild tempest tossed,
If we cry, the Master seeking,
Save us, Lord, or we are lost!
Neither wind nor sea shall harm us;
All obey the heavenly will;

If we trust him he will calm us;
Peace divine our souls shall fill.

55 "THE LORD IS MY PORTION."

MY GOD, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without the graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

56 ADOPTION.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race—
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne,
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

57 GREGORY.

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me thro' thy spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heav'n.

58 THE CONFLICT.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God,
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

59 FOR THE WATER OF LIFE.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Ev'ry believing soul.

2 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

3 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart
We swift return to God.

4 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

60 TOO WISE TO ERR—TO GOOD TO BE UNKIND.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

61 THE INTERPRETER. BEFORE SERMON.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove:
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost—for, mov'd by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke—
Unlock the truth—thyself the key:
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine:
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

62 KEEPING THE CHARGE OF THE LORD.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

63 WALKING WITH GOD.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see.
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee!

64 OPENING WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford!
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

---

65 TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey

He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

---

66 CONCLUDED.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head:
Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care begone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

---

67 OPENING THE EXERCISES.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go:—

4 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

---

68 OPENING WORSHIP.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessings ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

69 MORE LIKE CHRIST.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee;
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness:
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

---

70 "THE VIOLENT TAKE IT BY FORCE."

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

---

71 THE MERCY-SEAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more:
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

72 PENTECOST.

LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

4 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

73 SPIRIT OF FAITH.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;

And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the loving word:

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

---

74 WORK AND WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

75 LONGING TO BE ESTABLISHED IN LOVE.

O THAT in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

2 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul:
Diffuse thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

76 PRAYING FOR A HOLY HEART.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne.
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77 AT CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

78 DOING ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

79 OPENING THE EXERCISES.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace!
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

80 HIS EXEMPLARY LIFE.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such dif'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;

The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

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81 LUKE XII. 35–37.

YE servants of the Lord.
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

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82 EPHESIANS VI. 10.

SOLDIERS of Christ arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

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33 OPENING THE EXERCISES.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name;
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget;
We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given!
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art:
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

84 PSALM CXXII.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
‖: "In Zion let us all appear, :‖
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road!
The Church adorned with grace,
‖: Stands like a palace built for God,: ‖
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
‖: With holy gifts and heavenly grace: ‖
Be her attendants blessed.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
‖: There my best friends, my kindred dwell,:‖
There God, my Saviour reigns.

85 PSALM LXXXIV. 8-12.

GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin—
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:

He gives us all things and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

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86 THE PILGRIMAGE.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
‖: Feed me till I want no more. :‖

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
‖: Be thou still my strength and shield. :‖

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
‖: I will ever give to thee. :‖

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87 ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

8 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Section II.—Praise.

90 CORONATION.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small.—
‖: Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
‖: Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all. : ‖

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all. : ‖

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. : ‖

91 PRAISE AND MAGNIFY OUR KING.

GREAT is the Lord, who ruleth over all
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and sing;
Down at his feet in adoration fall,
Praise and magnify our King.

CHO.—O ye redeemed above, strike, strike your harps of love,
Hail the Blessed One, hail the Mighty One,
Sweetly his wonders tell, loudly his glory swell,
Praise and magnify our King.

2 Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done;
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and sing;
Honor and strength, dominion he has won,
Praise and magnify our King.

3 Great is the Lord: oh, come with holy mirth;
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and sing,
Come and rejoice, ye nations of the earth,
Praise and magnify our King.

4 Great is the Lord, and holy is his name!
Wake, wake and sing, wake, wake and sing;
Angels and men, his wondrous works proclaim,
Praise and magnify our King.

92 SING OF JESUS.

SING of Jesus our Shepherd,
Lovingly he will lead us,
‖: Tenderly keep
All of his sheep,
Shielded from every danger; :‖

2 Sing of Jesus our Master,
Sing as we gladly serve him,

‖: Doing our best,
Trust for the rest,
Joyfully wait his coming; :‖

3 Sing of Jesus our Captain.
Sing as he leads us onward;
‖: Hearts all aglow
Fighting the foe,
Never to be defeated; :‖

4 Sing of Jesus our Saviour,
Sing when the soul is weary;
‖: Strength he will give,
Take it and live,
More than his life he gave thee; :‖

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93 NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

WE thank thee, O our God,
For Christ, thy blessed Son,
Who, on the lifted cross,
Our peace and pardon won.

CHO.—We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy name,
For Christ, thy blessed Son;
Who, on the Cross of blood and shame,
Our peace and pardon won.

2 We thank thee for thy grace,
Thy mercy, peace, and pow'r,
So lovingly bestowed,
Each swiftly passing hour.

3 We thank thee for thy hand,
Our falt'ring steps to guide;
Oh, never let us stray
One step from thee aside.

94 O PRAISE HIS NAME.

PRAISE the Lord, the Rock of Ages, come
before him with a song,
While the story of his goodness we repeat.
Praise the Lord, the King of Glory, with the
everlasting throng,
Who are shouting, Hallelujah at his feet.

CHO.—O praise his name, his holy name,
O come with joyful, joyful song; his
wondrous love proclaim:
O praise his name, his holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice and sing with loud
acclaim.

2 Praise the Lord, whose loving kindness has
redeemed us from the fall,
And has bought for us a pardon full and free.
Praise the Lord that all are welcome to accept
the gracious call,
Ho, ye weary, heavy laden, come to me.

3 Praise the Lord, that in his kingdom there are
mansions bright and fair,
Where the streams of life and joy in beauty
glide,
Praise the Lord that all the faithful by and by
shall enter there,
And forever in his tender love abide.

95 PSALM XXXVI. 1–9.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,

From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest thy are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

96 PSALM C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

97 PSALM CIII. 8–12.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

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98 OPENING WORSHIP.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee—
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each foll'wing minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

99 TIDINGS OF GRACE.

SING to the Lord for the gospel's sound,
Sing to the Father, whose mercies abound,
Sing to the Son, who has brought to the race
News of redemption, glad tidings of grace.

CHO.—Raise a grateful anthem!
Raise a grateful anthem,
Raise a grateful anthem,
For the gospel's joyful sound.
Sing a glad hosanna for the vict'ry over sin.

2 Shout unto God for the triumph over sin,
Trust in the Lamb, and the victory win,
Come to the fountain, and wash in the blood,
Shed for the guilty, a soul-cleansing flood.

3 Praise to the Father for pardon thro' his Son,
Thanks be to Christ for the deeds he has done,
Praise to the Spirit, sent down from above,
Working in us in the infinite love.

100 ARIEL.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
‖: The love of Christ to me. :‖

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
‖: The length, the breadth, and height. :‖

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
‖: Be mine this better part. :‖

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
‖: To hear the bridegroom's voice! :‖

101 COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne?

REF.—We're marching to Zion,
Zion, the city of love,
We're marching to Zion,
The heavenly city above.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

102 THY LIGHT IS COME.

OUT of darkness into light,
Out of midnight into day
Jesus calls the sons of night,
Jesus bids us come away.

CHO.—Arise and shine; arise and shine;
Arise, thy light is come, is come.
Arise and shine, arise and shine,
Thy glorious light is come.

2 From this world's alluring snares,
From its vanity and strife,
From its perils and its cares,
Jesus beckons us to life.

3 From the vanities of youth,
Into joy that never palls,
Into rest and love and truth,
Jesus in his mercy calls.

103 MY REDEEMER.

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—‖: Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer,
With his blood he purchased me. :‖
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,

How the victory he giveth
Over sin and death and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath bro't me,
Son of God, with him to be.

104 THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
‖: And an immortal crown. :‖

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
‖: And onward urge thy way: ‖

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
‖: To thine aspiring eye:: ‖

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
‖: Shall blend in common dust. : ‖

5 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
‖: I'll lay my honors down. : ‖

105 LOVE WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

OF him who did salvation bring
I could forever think and sing:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given?
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly!
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah? who that loves can love enough?

106 ISAIAH LII. 1-12.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise?

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

107 WONDERFUL GRACE.

'TIS grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
This great salvation brings:
The soul delivered of its load;
In sweetest rapture sings.

CHO.—'Tis grace! 'tis grace!
Wonderful, wonderful grace!
'Tis grace! 'tis grace!
Flowing still freely for me.

2 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Which saves the soul from sin;
The pow'r of rising evil slays,
And reigns supreme within.

3 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Its streams are full and free;
Are flowing now for all the race;
They even flow to me.

4 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Which bears the soul above;
The light which gleams from Jesus' face
Is rapture, peace and love.

108 PRAISE HIM FOREVER.

O ALL ye Works of the Lord,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.
O ye Angels of the Lord,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.

2 O ye Heavens,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.
O ye Mountains and Hills,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.

3 O ye Children of Men,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever.
O let Israel
Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever.

4 O ye Servants of the Lord,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.
O ye holy and humble men of heart,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever.

5 Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and [Amen.
Ever shall be, world without end, Amen,

109 SITTING AT THE CROSS.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here it is, I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

110 REV. V. 11-13.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

111 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace
good will toward men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee,
we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee
for thy great glory.

3 O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father
Almighty.

4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

5 That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

6 Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

7 Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

9 For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost; art most high it the glory of God the Father. Amen.

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112 "THE NAME OF JESUS."

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

113 "OUR REJOICING IS THIS."

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their tho'ts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

114 WONDERS OF THE CROSS.

NATURE with open volnme stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines:
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!

Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

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115 PSALM CIII. 1–7.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul:
Let all within me join;
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul:
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

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116 WORTHY THE LAMB.

JOY, joy joy!
Joy, joy, joy!
Sing to the Saviour, shout for joy,
Anthems of grateful praise employ;
Join the glad triumphant hymn,
The song of the saints and the seraphim.

REF.—Worthy, worthy!
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
Worthy is Christ forever to reign!
Worthy is Christ forever to reign!

2 Joy, joy, joy!
Joy, joy, joy!
Sing to the great Redeemer's name,
Tell of his love, his grace proclaim;
Publish the deeds that Christ has done,
And echo the triumphs which he has won.

3 Joy, joy, joy!
Joy, joy, joy!
Loud and more loud the strains resound,
Spreading the notes of praise around,
Now let the chorus swell and rise,
And blend with the music above the skies.

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117 GRATITUDE.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of they redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

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118 PSALM XXIV. 1–6.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

119 PSALM CXLV.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of thy God.

120 WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

HARK! the voice of countless thousands singing:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
All the mighty hosts of heaven joining:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

CHO.—Hear the heav'nly chorus ringing,
Round the throne forever singing,
Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

2 Who will join to chant the wondrous story;
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Who will join the choirs of highest glory:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

3 Let each heart be fill'd with emulation!
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Let them chant the notes of full salvation!
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

4 Life or death eternal, everlasting:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Honor, glory, riches, pow'r and blessing:
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

---

121 CRICHLOW.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

---

122 WE'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

WE'LL praise the Lord,
And join our happy voices,

In sweet accord,
While ev'ry heart rejoices,
We'll praise the Lord,
We'll praise the Lord.

2 We'll sing his praise,
Who gave to us a Saviour,
Our anthems raise,
For such a wondrous favor,
We'll sing his praise,
We'll sing, etc.

3 For evermore
We'll tell the blessed story,
And still adore
The Lord of Life and glory,
For evermore, for everemore.
For evermore, etc.

---

123 OPENING WORSHIP.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

---

124 SALVATION.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Savation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Section III.—Experience.

125 HERMON.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth he cries is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints delight,
The heav'n prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity!

---

126 HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE.

'TIS the promise of God full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, his Son, will believe.
Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One; crucified One.

2 Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And he smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done? etc.

127 NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn tho't
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than I have been before.

CHO.—Near home, nearer home,
We'll sing as we go;
Nearer home, nearer home,
We'll sing as we go.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 We ask a Father's aid
To lay the burden down;
Then take us to his home,
To wear a heav'nly crown.

128 CHEERS ME EVERY DAY.

THE precious promise by Jesus giv'n,
Cheers me ev'ry day,
That rest is waiting for me in heav'n,
Cheers me ev'ry day;
On the sea and on the shore,
Storms may beat or winds may roar,

That my Saviour leads the way,
Cheers me ev'ry day.

REF.—Ev'ry day, ev'ry day,
Cheers me ev'ry day.

2 The tho't that Jesus is ever near,
Cheers me ev'ry day,
Sustains me when all is dark and drear,
Cheers me ev'ry day;
All his tender love for me,
Comes thro' mercy full and free,
He, my comfort and my stay,
Cheers me ev'ry day.

3 The grace I find in his words of life,
Cheers me ev'ry day,
The peace he brings to this world of strife
Cheers me every day;
I will love him more and more,
Till this fleeting life is o'er,
For he is my life and way,
Cheers me ev'ry day.

129 MY HEART WAS OPPRESSED.

MY heart was oppressed with the burden o
sin,
I felt conscious guilt, and deep sorrow within;
I sighed for relief, for forgiveness and peace,
That God would in mercy my spirit release.

REF.—I longed for his grace, Oh! I longed for
his grace,
I longed, how I longed, for his mercy and
grace.

2 Encompassed with darkness, no light could I
gain,
No comfort and hope of salvation obtain;

It seemed that in vain were my tears and my pray'r,
That I was forsaken, to sink in despair.

3 But glory and thanks be to God for his grace,
He shone on my soul with the light of his face;
He granted me pardon; he filled me with rest,
His love shed abroad, and sweet peace in my breast.

---

130 THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

CHO.—The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his *love*.

---

131 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;

There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

CHO.—Glory to his name,
Glory to his name.
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have enter'd in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet:
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

---

132 TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

I HAVE found repose for my weary soul,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour,
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

REF.—Resting on his mighty arm forever,
Never from his loving heart to sever,
I will rest by grace in his strong embrace,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

2 I will sing glad songs as the days go by,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

And rejoice in hope, while I live or die,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
I can smile at grief, and abide in pain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And the loss of all shall be highest gain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

3 Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
Oh, the strength and love only God can give,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
Whosoever will may be saved to-day,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And begin to walk in the holy way,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

---

133 SERVING THE CHURCH.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

2 This only thing do I require:
Thou knowest 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy Church to live;—

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

---

134 CHASTISEMENT.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

135 WAITING AT THE CROSS.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true!
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus thy grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

136 THE ACT OF CONSECRATION.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;

And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

---

137 DAILY BREAD.

DAY by day the manna fell:
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

---

138 WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

I'M glad that I am born to die,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

REF.—‖: I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I've been redeemed,
Iv'e been washed in the blood of the
Lamb. :‖

2 Bright angels shall from glory come,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And bear the weary pilgrim home,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
I hope to praise him after death,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

139 SCHUMANN.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
‖: What can I want beside? :‖

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
‖: And full salvation flows. :‖

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

140 THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,

And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad
Without the secret of thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine!
What will thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with thee?

141 JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

I AM so glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of his love in the book he has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

142 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—"Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His names dispels my guilt and fear
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

---

143 THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHO.—I had rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
‖: Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne. :‖

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine.
And lo! for joy thay sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With heavenly manna fed.

5 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

6 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

---

144 DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

I SAW a way-worn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,

His garments worn and dusty,
His step seem'd very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor
That grew beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
Had overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

5 While gazing on that city
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come.

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore;
Then casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had ran,

He shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance has come.

---

145 MORE LOVE, O GOD, TO THEE.

MORE love, O God to thee,
More love to thee;
Here thou the pray'r we make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O God, to thee,
More love, O God, to thee,
More love to thee.

2 Once earthly joys I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee, my God, I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my pray'r shall be:
More love, O God, to thee,
More love, O God, to thee,
More love to thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper thy praise;
To thee the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O God, to thee,
More love, O God, to thee,
More love to thee.

145* *SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

*Copyright 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in tha arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

---

146 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

I BRING my *sins* to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be,
In thy once opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me,
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My *heart* to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wand'ring thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fix'd and faithful it may be,
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fix'd and faithful it may be.

3 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O, Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever thine, alone.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring,
To thee, my Saviour and my King.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring,
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

147 THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

OH, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright,
And Jesus, my Saviour, behold?
Or walk by his side, like an angel of light,
In a city all garnished with gold?

CHO.—Home of the blest, home of the blest!
When wilt thou ever be mine?
Home of the blest, home of the blest!
Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

2 No pearl from the ocean or gold from the mine
Can pardon or purity buy;
I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine,
And cling to the cross till I die.

3 But while I'm a stranger, away from my home,
I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;
I'll carry the cross, while I think of the crown,
And watch for the break of the day.

148 *CLOSE TO THEE.

THOU my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

2 Lead me, thro' the vale of shadows:
Lead me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

149 TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

ARE you weary, are you heavy hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
Tell it to Jesus alone,

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You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

---

150 I HAVE A SWEET HOPE.

I HAVE a sweet hope that in heaven above
The Saviour is waiting for me;
That ransomed and saved by his mercy and love,
My Friend and my Portion he'll be.

CHO.—Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me,
Welcome me, welcome me;
Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me
Home to the beautiful land.

2 In midst of the troubles and sorrows I bear,
By faith I repose on his breast:
I know he will make my afflictions his care,
And bring me at last to his rest.

3 He's gone to prepare for his people a place—
A mansion of glory on high;
And when I shall finish my journey and race,
He'll give me a home in the sky.

4 I know when this body of flesh shall decay,
My Strength and my Portion he'll be;

In death he will be my sweet comfort and stay
The Saviour is waiting for me.

151 THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

DO not faint when tribulation
Darkens, like a cloud, thy sky—
When the storms of desolation
On thee beat and o'er thee fly.

CHO.—Though in darkness, God will never
Cease to love, or thee forsake:
In thy sorrow he will ever
Be thy stay, for Jesus' sake.

2 Should thy way be rough and dreary
With a gloomy shade o'ercast,
Should thy feet be sore and weary,
Thou shalt reach thy home at last.

3 Onward press, amid thy sadness,
Till thy toils and cares are o'er:
All thy grief shall turn to gladness,
On the fair celestial shore.

152 CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

CHO.—Victory! Victory!
Soon we'll gain the victory!
Oh, what a meeting there will be,
When we gain the victory!

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made—
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

153 HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on by paths we did not know,
Upwards he leads us tho' our steps are slow,
Tho' oft we faint and falter by the way,
Tho' storms and darkness obscure the day.

REF.—But when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on,
He leads us on, he leads us on.

2 He leads us on thro' all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears,
He guides our steps thro' all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.

3 And he at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life,
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.

154 TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;

And we shall be with those who rest,
Asleep within the tomb:

CHO.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day!
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

3 A few more struggles here—
A few more partings o'er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest—
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

---

155 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee:
For cleansing in thy precious Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless, all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To Perfect Faith and Love,

To Perfect Hope, and Peace, and Trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms,
The blessed work within,
By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the pow'r of sin.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning Blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

---

156 *DRAW ME NEARER.

I AM thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let thy soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

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4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

---

157 CAN YOU READ A CLEAR TITLE?

CAN you read a clear title to the mansions in the sky,
That the Lord your Redeemer, has prepared for you on high?
Are your feet firmly planted on the Rock that will not fail?
Is your hope sure and steadfast, does it look within the veil?

CHO.—Praise the Lord, O my brother, praise the Lord,
O my brother, you are safe from ev'ry fear;
Praise the Lord, O my brother, praise the Lord,
O my brother, for a sky serene and clear.

2 Can you read a clear title to the robe of spotless white,
That shall clothe all the faithful when they pass the gates of light?
Is your lamp trimmed and burning, will your longing soul rejoice,
When at noon or at midnight you shall hear the Master's voice?

3 Can you read a clear title to the crown of life and love?
That awaits ev'ry victor in those blessed realms above?

Have you borne well your colors, have you tried
to keep the faith?
Thro' the grace that redeemed, you will triumph
over death.

158 HARP.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shalt cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

159 BEULAH LAND.

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

---

160 THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
Oh, believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all his salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—

As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

161 REST IS COMING.

BROTHER, if thy steps get weary,
And thy path grows dark and dreary,
Look away beyond the sky,
For rest is coming by and by.

CHO.—Rest is coming, rest is coming,
In the home prepared on high;
Rest is coming, rest is coming,
Yes, rest is coming by and by.

2 Should the way seem dark before thee,
And the lamps of faith die o'er thee,
Raise thy heart to God on high,
For rest is coming by and by.

3 Tho' life's cares annoy and fret thee,
Tho' temptations fierce beset thee,
Let thy heart their rage defy,
For rest is coming by and by.

4 Press thy way a little longer,
Look to God, he'll make thee stronger,
He will hear thy eager cry,
For rest is coming by and by.

162 I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

I LEFT it all with Jesus,
‖: Long ago, :‖
All my guilt and sins I brought him,
‖: And my woe, :‖
When by faith I saw him
On the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper,

"'Tis for thee."
From my heart the burden
Rolled away,
‖: Happy day. :‖

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
‖: For he knows, :‖
How to steal the sad, the bitter
‖: From life's woes ; :‖
How to gild the tear-drop
With his smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile.
When my weakness leaneth
On his might,
‖: It seems light. :‖

3 I leave it all with Jesus,
‖: Day by day; :‖
Faith can fairly trust my Saviour,
‖: Come what may. :‖
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm sure haven
Of his breast;
Love esteems it heaver
To abide
‖: At his side. :‖

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
‖: Drooping soul ; :‖
Tell not half, but *all* the story,
‖: Yes, the whole. :‖
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On his hand;
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet his tender bosom

Makes thee room;
‖: Oh, come home! :‖

---

163 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you wash'd in the blood,
The soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

---

164 MY SPIRIT IS FREE.

I FOLLOW the foot-steps of Jesus, my Lord,
His Spirit doth lead me along;
I walk in the pathway made plain by his word,
And he fills all my soul with this song.

CHO.—Glory to God my spirit is free,
Glory to God he purifies me;
I'm walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be
While following Jesus my Lord.

2 A leper he found me, polluted by sin,
From which he alone can set free;
He spake in his mercy, "I will, be thou clean,"
And he instantly purified me.

3 A captive in woe to my prison of night
The Master hath open'd the door;
Shout aloud of deliv'rance, ye angels of light,
Praise his name, oh, my soul, evermore.

4 Proclaim it, 'tis done, full salvation is wrought
For sinners from sorrow and woe;
Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has bought,
"For his blood washes whiter than snow."

165 PEACE AT LAST.

BLEST assurance ever dear,
As our troubles come so fast,
How it does the spirit cheer
To be promised peace at last.

CHO.—Peace at last, peace at last,
When our sorrows all are past,
And 'tis coming, oh, how fast;
Peace at last, peace at last.
'Tis coming, coming, peace at last.

2 Tho' by sorrow's dismal cloud,
Be our path-way overcast,
Thro' the Saviour's precious blood,
We are promised peace at last.

3 We can stand the driving rains,
We can bide the cutting blast,

While the promise still remains,
Of unbroken peace at last.

4 To the kingdom of the skies,
When our pilgrimage is past,
We on spirit wings shall rise,
And abide in peace at last.

---

166 JESUS IS MINE.

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;

Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

167 WHITER THAN SNOW.

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever, to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply thine own blood, and remove ev'ry stain.
To have this blest cleansing I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice.
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

168 *JESUS WILL WELCOME ME.

MY spirit in hope is rejoicing,
The glory of heaven to see—
A mansion prepared for the faithful,
Where Jesus is waiting for me.

CHO.—Jesus will give me a welcome there,
Jesus will give me a welcome there;
Jesus is helping me onward,
Jesus will welcome me home.

2 How bright are the visions of rapture,
Which often by faith I behold:
The saints in their garments of beauty,
The city whose streets are of gold!

3 O Saviour, I long to behold thee,
Thy glorified image to bear,
To reign in the house of thy Father,
The home thou hast gone to prepare.

169 TRUST IN JESUS.

ASSAILED by temptation,
By Satan and Sin,
In strength of the Master,
The victory win;
Supported by Jesus,
Sustained by his grace,
Go forward in triumph,
Press on in the race.

CHO.—Look to Jesus, he'll aid you,
Trust in Jesus, he'll save you;
By his strength he'll uphold you;
All your foes he'll subdue.

2 Should trials and dangers
Your pathway attend,

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Confide in the Saviour,
His saints he'll defend:
His grace, all sufficient,
Shall keep you secure;
As strangers and pilgrims,
With patience endure.

3 Be faithful and steadfast,
To Jesus be true,
Press on in the journey,
He'll carry you through;
He'll crown you with glory,
And honor on high,
He'll take you to mansions
Of bliss in the sky.

170 HAPPY DAY.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:

With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

---

171 THE LAND OF BEULAH.

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

REF.—O come, angel band!
Come, and around me stand!
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home!
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings:
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

---

172 HE LEADETH ME.

HE leadeth me! O, blessed thought!
O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHO.—He leadeth me, leadeth me;
He leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, 'midst scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!

173 GO AND TELL JESUS.

GO and tell Jesus, weary, fainting soul;
He'll ease you of your burden, make you whole;
Look up to him, he only can forgive;
Believe on him, and you shall surely live.

CHO.—Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive:
Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him and live!
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive!

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes,
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispell your fears,
Will calm your doubts, and wipe away your tears;

He'll take you to his arms, and on his breast
You may be happy, and forever rest.

174 THE WISE VIRGINS.

LO! the Bridegroom at the door!
He will not tarry long;
Quickly must we enter in,
To join the feast and song.

CHO.—All our lamps burn bright,
All our lamps we trim;
Midnight falls—our Master calls,
We gladly go with him.

2 Knowing not the day or hour
We faithful vigils kept;
Did not let our lamps go out,
Tho' all around us slept.

3 Let us follow after them,
The chosen of the Lord!
Ours to watch and wait for him,
And ours the great reward.

4 May our little light so shine,
That all can see the way;
While we wait for Christ to come,
We still must watch and pray.

175 WATCH!

WHEN the cry shall be made at the midnight,
"Go ye out, for the Bridegroom is near!"
Will you rise with your lamps trimm'd and burning?
Will you joyfully bid him draw near?

REF.—We will watch, ever watch?
Till the Bridegroom shall come in his [power;
Jesus saith we must watch,
For we know not the day nor the hour.

2 Till he comes now he bids us be ready,
Can you say to the Bridegroom I am?
Will you enter the door that is open,
To the great marriage feast of the Lamb?

3 Oh, how sad if our oil is all wasted,
Though we hasten our lamps to renew,
If we find that the Bridegroom has entered!
Left without, then, oh, what shall we do?

4 Oh, when rises the glorious summons,
"Meet the Bridegroom and join in the song!"
May we all, with our lamps brightly burning,
Enter in with the worshiping throng!

176 UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

O THE unsearchable riches of Christ!
Wealth that can never be told;
Riches exhaustless of mercy and grace,
Precious, more precious than gold!

CHO.—Precious, more precious,
Wealth that can never be told;
O the unsearchable riches of Christ!
Precious, more precious than gold.

2 O the unsearchable riches of Christ,
Who shall their richness declare;
Jewels whose lustre our lives may adorn,
Pearls that the poorest may wear.

3 O the unsearchable riches of Christ,
Freely, how freely they flow;
Making the souls of the faithful and true
Happy wherever they go.

4 O the unsearchable riches of Christ!
Who would not gladly endure
Trials, afflictions, and crosses on earth,
Riches like these to secure!

177 I FEAR NOT THE HOUR.

I CANNOT foresee, I know not the day,
When Jesus shall come to take me away;
But my path shall be lightened with his own bright ray,
And that will be comfort for me.

REF.—And that will be comfort for me,
And that will be comfort for me;
But my path shall be lightened with his own bright ray,
And that will be comfort for me.

2 Redeemed with his blood, I fear not my doom,
In faith and in hope, I'll enter the tomb,
For my Saviour will scatter its darkness and gloom,
And that will be comfort for me.

3 Raised up from the dead, in triumph I'll rise,
To meet my dear Lord descending the skies,
He will give me a place in the bright paradise,
And that will be comfort for me.

178 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them untrue.

And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright,

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All must work for good to me.

---

179 ONLY IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

THERE is peace only in his name,
Only in the name of Jesus;
And that peace troubled souls may claim,
Only in the name of Jesus!

CHO.—Name of Jesus, name of Jesus!
When you pray, O pray in his name,
Go to God with ev'ry care;
Tell it to him in your pray'r,
Only in the name of Jesus.

2 There is strength only in his name,
Only in the name of Jesus;
And man can his wild passions tame,
Only in the name of Jesus!

3 Tell to God, what your sins have been,
Only in the name of Jesus:
He can make you all pure within,
Only in the name of Jesus.

4 Tell to God what your weakness is,
Only in the name of Jesus,

He is strong, and to help is His,
Only in the name of Jesus.

---

180 FLOYD.

JESUS now is my salvation,
He has saved me from all sin;
Through his blood I have redemption,
And I rest complete in him.

REF.—O the joy of full salvation!
How it thrills my inmost soul!
Spread the news to ev'ry nation;
Jesus' blood has made me whole.

2 By his royal proclamation,
Sin's dominion now is o'er,
And in conscious full salvation
I may sing forever more.

3 O the love of my Redeemer!
O the wonders of his grace!
I will praise his name forever,
And rejoice before his face.

---

181 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

WHEN my spirit is rent with the anguish of sin,
I fly to the blood, to the blood;
When the pangs of remorse are a burden within,
I fly to the blood:
I seek to be sprinkled and purged from my guilt,
With drops of Immanuel's blood;
I run to the fountain of blood that he spilt,
And wash in the whitening flood.

REF.—O the blood, the blood, the precious blood,
Which Jesus shed for me;
'Tis a cleansing fount, tis a healing flood,
And a flowing current free.

2 There is nothing can cleanse me, and fill me with peace,
But Christ and the stream of his blood;
There is none but the Saviour can give me release
From terrors that brood;
In vain do I cry for forgiveness, relief,
For mercy and favor with God;
No comfort I find in the midst of my grief,
Till Jesus applies his rich blood.

3 From the burden of sin and of sorrow set free,
I'll sing of the blood, of the blood;
Rejoicing and happy as mortal can be, I'll sing of the blood;
And when I'm transported to mansions above,
To dwell with the angels of God;
Thanksgiving I'll render to Christ for his love,
Who ransom my soul with his blood.

---

182 PRECIOUS PROMISES.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall they strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no never*, NO NEVER, forsake."

---

183 TITLE CLEAR.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHO.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by, by and by,
We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

184 LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

THERE are lights by the shore of that country,
Where my bark amid perils I steer:
And they ever grow brighter, and brighter,
As that glorious haven I near.

CHO.—Oh! the lights along the shore,
That never grow dim, never, never grow dim,
Are the souls that are aflame,
With the love of Jesus' name,
And they guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.

2 There are lights by the shore as we journey,
As we float down the river of time;
All the days of our pilgrimage brighten,
With a radiance truly sublime.

3 Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us,
In the midst of our sorrows and cares;
When the lamp of our vessel burns dimly,
We watch for the glimmer of theirs.

4 Then forget not to keep your light shining,
O Christian! be earnest and true;
For a soul on life's ocean may perish,
May sink in the waves but for you.

185 HOW ARE YOU LIVING?

HOW, oh how are you living, my brother?
Are you going the pilgrimage way?
Are you doing the will of your Master?
Are you living for Jesus to-day?

REF.—Are you living for Jesus to-day, to-day?
Are you living for Jesus to-day?
O tell me my friend and my brother,
Are you living for Jesus to-day?

2 Earth will offer you pleasures, my brother,
Have you turn'd from these pleasures away?
Are you striving to work for the Master?
Are you living for Jesus to-day?

3 Sin will surely entice you, my brother,
Quickly turn from temptation away;
O then give all your life to the Master,
And be living for Jesus to-day.

4 You may grow cold and careless, my brother,
And from Christ and his following stray;
Are you watching and praying and trusting?
Are you living for Jesus to-day?

186 BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

ARE you ready for the Bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes?
Are you ready for the Bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes,
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHO.—Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

2 Have your lamps all trimm'd and burning
When he comes, when he comes;
Have your lamps all trimm'd and burning

When he comes, when he comes;
He quickly cometh! he quickly cometh!
O soul, be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

3 We will all go out to meet him
When he comes, when he comes;
We will all go out to meet him
When he comes, when he comes;
He surely cometh! he surely cometh!
We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.

4 We will chant sweet alleluias
When he comes, when he comes;
We will chant sweet alleluias
When he comes, when he comes;
Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh!
Sing alleluia! for the Bridegroom comes.

187 ONLY WAITING.

I AM waiting for the morning
Of the blessed day to dawn,
When the sorrow and the sadness
Of this fearful life are gone.

CHO.—I am waiting, only waiting,
Till this weary life is o'er;
Only waiting for my welcome,
From my Saviour on the other shore.

2 I am waiting, worn and weary,
With the battle and the strife,
Hoping, when the war has ended,
To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
For a home of boundless love,
Like a pilgrim looking forward,
To the land of bliss above.

4 Waiting for the sun to cheer me
With his pure, unmingled light,
Waiting for the saints to greet me,
In their robes of spotless white.

188 8s. (10th P. M.)

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have all lost their sweetness to me,
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

189 LONGING TO BE ESTABLISHED IN LOVE.

MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

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190 I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR.

THO' the shadows gather o'er my pathway here,
And no sun comes with joyous ray,
In the darkness not an evil will I fear,
For my Saviour is leading the way.

REF.—I will trust in my Saviour,
I will trust in my Saviour,
I will trust in my Saviour alway;
He will lead me thro' the night,
By his ever shining light,
I will trust in my Saviour to-day!

2 In the tempest when the winds around me roll,
And the thunders my heart affright,
Sweetly comes a loving whisper to my soul,
Then the world is all beauty and light.

3 When the chilling blight of death is on my brow,
And the earth passes from my view,
Simply trusting in my Saviour then, as now,
He will lead me in paths ever new.

Section IV.—Heaven.

191 VARINA.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers.
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

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192 SWEET BY-AND-BY.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

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193 WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

ON the shining shore, with happy greeting,
We shall meet by and by,
We shall then embrace in joyful meeting,
By and by, by and by;
In that glorious land of bliss above,
Where the soul is fill'd with peace and love,
In the happy clime we all are seeking,
We shall meet by and by.

2 We shall meet beyond the flowing river,
We shall meet by and by,
We shall drink the crystal flood forever,
By and by, by and by;
We shall eat the fruit of life's fair tree,
We shall there from sin and tears be free,
To that Eden bright we all are going,
We shall meet by and by.

3 We shall see the Saviour's radiant glory,
We shall meet by and by,
We shall chant with joy his wond'rous story,
By and by, by and by;
We shall wear a crown by Jesus given,
We shall strike a golden harp in heav'n,
To that happy land we all are going,
We shall meet by and by.

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194 THE GOLDEN CITY.

SAY, have you read in the story olden
Of the city fair that waits?

Jasper the walls, and the streets are golden,
And of purest pearl the gates.

CHO.—There we shall dwell with the Lord forever,
Going out no more.
There shall we go, when we cross the river;
Over on the other shore.

2 Say, have you heard of the river flowing?
Clear as crystal is its tide,
Forth from the throne are its waters going;
Shall we roam that stream beside?

3 Say, have you read, in that wondrous story,
How no moon nor sun need they?
For it is lightened with God's own glory;
Shall we see that endless day?

4 Say, if we keep all the dear Lord's teaching,
May we gladly enter in?
Joyful the gates, ever open, reaching,
Of that city without sin.

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195 PASSING AWAY.

WE are passing, swiftly passing,
To the distant spirit land,
Old and young alike are going
To the Jordan's beaten strand;
One by one the dear ones vanish,
Passing to the other side,
Many hearts and forms we cherish,
O'er its surging billows glide.

2 Oft methinks I hear the boatman,
Hear the splashing of his oar,
Coming on to bear me homeward,
To the bright and golden shore;
Oft, by faith, I hear the chorus,
Catch the saints' triumphal song,

And my spirit's earnest longings
Would the glorious strains prolong.

3 But a few more days of sorrow,
And a few more sighs and tears,
Then will come the bright "to-morrow,"
Then will end my hopes and fears,
When the angel throng will meet me,
In the realms of endless day,
And the Saviour, too, will greet me,
Wiping all my tears away.

196 WHEN WE GET HOME.

WHEN we get home to that beautiful land,
With its beautiful city of gold:
When we've pass'd over the river of death,
And are safe in the heavenly fold;
Wearisome toil, tribulation and care,
That burden our spirits to-day,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
Shall pass, unreturning, away.

CHO.—When we get home
How sweet 'twill be!
When we get home
How sweet 'twill be!

2 When we get home from our wanderings here,
To that clime where they wander no more;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd into rest,
We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,
The pain and the sickness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

3 When we get home, and our troubles are o'er,
And our journey is ended below;

When we are free from each cumbering weight,
And the sins that doth hinder us so:
Tears that we shed in our sorrowful hours,
The fears and the doubts that molest,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
And reach not the home of the blest.

197 SUMMER LAND.

BEYOND this land of parting, losing and leaving,
Far beyond the losses, darkening this,
And far beyond the taking and the bereaving
Lies the summer land of bliss.

REF.—Land beyond, so fair and bright!
Land beyond, where is no night!
Summer land, God is its light,
Oh, happy summer land of bliss!

2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing and reaping,
Far beyond the shadows, darkening this,
And far beyond the sighing, moaning and weeping
Lies the summer land of bliss.

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling
Lies the summer land of bliss.

4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking and sighing,
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
Far beyond the pain and sickness and dying
Lies the summer land of bliss.

198 THE GLORY LAND.

THERE'S a land of love shining far above
In the endless glory of day,

And I long to know all the good who go
To that radiant land far away.

REF.—Oh, the glories there are so bright and fair,
Here no longer would I roam;
How my spirit sighs for the cloudless skies,
Of that happy, heavenly home.

2 Oh, I love to sing of the hearts that cling
To the light of that golden shore,
Starry crowns they'll wear and its glories share
With the happy ones gone before.

3 And I love to dream of the crystal gleam
Resting on the bright river there,
Of the white-robed throng and the glad new song,
And the fadeless flowers so fair.

4 There shall be no night! oh! the blessed light
That illumes the heavenly shore!
No more sorrow there, and no cross to bear;
All is joy and peace evermore.

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199 HOME OF THE SOUL.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh! that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,
Between the fair city and me.

Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.
To meet one another again.
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

200 THE CITY ABOVE.

THERE is a city built above,
With mansions of delight,
Its walls are jasper and the streets
Are paved with jewels bright.

REF.—"A city which hath foundations,
Whose Builder and Maker is God!
Which shineth afar, like a beautiful star,
By saints and angels trod."

2 No chilling breath may find its way
Within those portals fair;
No sound of mourning ever falls
Upon the fragrant air.

3 Oh, let us seek that joyful home!
Why should we linger here?

I long to clasp in love's embrace
My sainted ones so dear!

4 There, never more shall partings be,
And God shall wipe away
The scalding tears that o'er my cheek
Unbidden fall to-day.

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201 WALKING THE GOLDEN STREETS.

WHO, who are these cloth'd in garments pure and white,
Walking the streets of that city fair and bright,
Dwelling in light where no burning rays are known,
Standing near the great eternal throne.

CHO.—Walking thro' the streets,
Walking thro' the streets,
Walking thro' the streets,
Of the New Jerusalem.

2 These, these are they who through tribulation came,
Bearing the cross—who endur'd reproach and shame;
Having their robes wash'd in blood of Calvary's Lamb,
Therefore do they bear the conqueror's palm.

3 Therefore they dwell with the Saviour they behold,
Walk through the streets that are pav'd with purest gold,
Freed from all sorrow, they shout o'er conflict pass'd
Praise to Jesus—victory at last.

202 THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

REF.—There'll be no sorrow,
There'll be no sorrow,
There'll be no sorrow,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's have no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

203 BALDWIN.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest:
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary—
There is rest for the weary—
There is rest for the weary—
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,

Where the tree of life is blooming—
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory—
Shout your triumphs as ye go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
Ye shall find an entrance through.

204 THE WORLD OF JOY.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is like a dying taper:
O, my soul, why wish to stay?
‖: Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy? :‖

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints,
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. :‖

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love:
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above!
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. :‖

4 Go, and share his people's glory!
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. :‖

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205 THERE'S A MANSION OF REST.

THERE'S a mansion of rest,
In the land of the blest,
'Tis a beautiful, blissful home;
If by faith in the Lord,
We shall follow his word,
To that bright, happy land we'll come.

REF.—Hallelujah! we'll raise
The glad anthem of praise,
'Till the rest of the saints we share;
Hallelujah! we'll sing,
To our Saviour and King,
With the glorified hosts up there.

2 Bright and beautiful rest,
Lovely land of the blest,
Where no sins and no sorrows come;
Christ has gone to prepare,
In that region so fair,
For his ransomed a joyful home.

3 There no crying and tears,
There no troubles and fears,
Shall be felt by the peaceful soul,
We shall never again
Suffer anguish and pain,
While the ages eternal roll.

206 PRESSING ON.

ONLY a season brief,
Only a day of gloom;
Only a transient joy and grief,
Only the shroud and tomb.

2 Then to the land above,
Then to the house on high;
Then to a home of light and love,
Where we shall never die.

3 On to the mansions blest,
On to the heav'nly home;
On to a sweet, eternal rest,
On to the life to come.

4 There we shall happy be;
There each shall wear a crown;
There we from sorrow shall be free;
There lay our burdens down.

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207 HOME BEYOND, BY AND BY.

THERE'S a home in heav'n for me,
By and by, by and by,
Where my Saviour I shall see,
By and by, (by and by,)
And among the ransom'd choir,
With my bright and golden lyre,
I shall sing and never tire,
By and by, (by and by.)

CHO.—Home beyond, home beyond,
With the ransom'd bright and fair,
By and by;
Home beyond, by and by,
Hallelujah, I'll be there,
By and by.

2 In that city of the blest,
By and by, by and by,
I shall know eternal rest,
By and by, (by and by,)
With my Saviour on that shore,
I shall sorrow never-more,
For all weeping shall be o'er
By and by, (by and by.)

208 TO CANAAN.

WE are marching to Canaan, thro' the desert vast,
And the Lord, with cloud by day
And with light of his presence, till the night is past,
Is shining o'er our way.

CHO.—To Jordan when we come,
As we cross the billow's foam,
Come thou o'er its waves, our Guide to be.
We are coming, coming, lead us safely home,
Till the shining land we see.

2 Tho' we thirst in the desert, Thou art ever nigh,
Giving waters, clear and sweet;
If we faint on the journey, manna from on high
Is falling at our feet.

3 Green and cool Elim's palm trees, where we peaceful rest,
Dewy shelter sweet and fair;
There our Shepherd has borne us, on his gentle breast,
So loving is his care.

4 When the swelling of Jordan sounds upon the shore,
When its parted waves we see,

We will sing glad hosannas, joyful passing o'er;
We're coming unto thee.

209 ALLEN.

AS, when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, tho' distant still;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The tho't of home his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

210 I AM ON MY WAY.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—I am on my way,
In the way our fathers trod;
I am on my way,
To my happy home with God.

2 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away

3 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

211 THE PLACE PREPARED.

THERE'S a beautiful place, for you and for me
We homeless shall be, never-more;
For a mansion prepared by Jesus I see,
And he is the Way and the Door.

REF.—Beautiful home! beautiful home!
Singing its story I tell,
Oh, enter, my soul, no longer to roam,
Forever with Jesus to dwell.

2 And I need not look off, to find the dear place,
O'er Jordan's dark rolling away;
For he calleth me nigh, and shows me his face,
And bids me be welcome to-day.

3 I shall enter his house, and find him I know,
In doing the will of his word,
In my heavenly home begun here below,
I'll dwell ever-more with my Lord.

212 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices sing'ng
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,

In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

REF.—Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright:
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their earthly friends to know.

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"

213 TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

WHERE the jasper walls are beaming,
Where the pearly portals are glowing;

Where the golden street is gleaming,
Where the crystal waters are flowing:

CHO.—Down beside that wondrous river,
Where the trees of healing grow,
We shall meet and live forever,
To that City will you go?

2 Open are the shining portals,
Shut by night or day are they never,
With the glorified immortals,
Will you dwell within them forever?

3 In that many mansioned dwelling,
Jesus, one for you is preparing;
Where hosannas glad are swelling,
Will you come their joys sweetly sharing?

4 There shall be no days declining,
Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven;
From amidst the throne is shining,
Glory from the Lord freely given.

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214 OVER THERE.

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there,

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

215 BETTER FURTHER ON.

A GENTLE breeze from Eden's land
Wafts o'er the stream a heavenly song;
They're singing on the shining strand,
That it's better further on.

REF.—It is better, it is better,
It is better further on.

2 I hear the soft, the glad refrain,
I catch the sound and then 'tis gone;
They're singing o'er and o'er again,
"It is better further on."

3 By faith I look acro-s the main,
Where loved ones have already gone;
Lo! they have caught the sweet refrain,
"It is better further on."

4 Hope ever sings that self-same song,
To cheer the pilgrim worn and wan;
Tho' rough the road and, may be, long,
Yet, 'tis better further on.

216 IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.

WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one
‖: In the new :‖ Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Tho' clouds rise dark between:
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
‖: From the new :‖ Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun!
O trembling morning-star!
Our journey's almost done
‖: To the new :‖ Jerusalem.

2 O holy, heavenly home!
O rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care.
‖: In the new :‖ Jerusalem.

217 BEAUTIFUL HOME.

THERE is a mansion fair and bright,
My Father's house on high,
A dwelling place of joy and light,
A home beyond the sky.

REF.—Beautiful home! Beautiful home!
Beautiful, beautiful home!
When shall we pass in at the pearly gates,
And rest in that beautiful home?

2 There shining hosts the throne surround,
In choral concert sing,

With harp and voice they loud resound
The praises of their King.

3 Their friends in Christ, before me gone,
Are robed in spotless white;
In joyful hope I follow on,
To meet the saints in light.

4 I long to join the happy throng,
Of ransomed souls above,
And sing the everlasting song,
Of Jesus and his love.

Part II.—Section I.—Revival.

218 PENITENCE.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep?
False to Thee like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.

Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long suff'ring shown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown,
Turn and look upon me Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live:

"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"
Surely with thy dying word
He turns, and looks and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

219 THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR.

O The Saviour's at the door,
Hear him knock, knock, knock,
At the door of ev'ry heart to-day;
He is waiting to come in,
To remove our lead of sin;
Shall he turn in grief away?

CHO.—Come in, come in,
O, Saviour come in, come in.
I will open wide the door,
Thou shalt knock in vain no more,
Blessed Saviour, now come in.

2 O, the Saviour's at the door,
Hear him knock, knock, knock,
With a message full of love for me;
And the door I'll open wide,
In my heart he shall abide,
Then I'll happy ever be.

3 O, the Saviour's at the door,
Hear him knock, knock, knock,
Enter in my blessed God, to-day;
Take, oh, take my heart of sin,
Wash it, purge it, make it clean,
Keep it in thy love, I pray.

220 AS YE SOW YE SHALL REAP.

WHAT are you sowing, my brother,
The bitter seeds of sin?

Then you will gather, my brother,
A harvest of sorrow in.

REF.—As ye sow ye shall reap,
As ye sow ye shall reap,
Seeds of truth or seeds of sin;
As ye sow ye shall gather in,
As ye sow ye shall reap.

2 What are you sowing, my brother,
Art sowing to the flesh?
Then you will gather, my brother,
A harvest of woes afresh.

3 What are you sowing, my brother,
The seeds of holiness?
Then you will gather, my brother,
A harvest of happiness.

4 What are you sowing, my brother,
The seeds of truth and right?
Then you will gather, my brother,
A harvest of glory bright.

221 ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

ARE you coming Home, ye wand'rers,
Whom Jesus died to win,
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stain'd with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust his precious promise,
Are you coming Home to-night?

CHO.—Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming Home to-night,

Are you coming Home to-night,
To your loving, heav'nly Father,
Are you coming Home to-night?

2 Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?
Behold your Lord doth wait:
Come, then no longer linger,
Come ere it be too late;
Will you come and let him save you?
O trust his love and might;
Will you come while he is calling,
Are you coming Home to-night?

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust him quite?
"Come unto me," saith Jesus,
Are you coming Home to-night?

---

222 COME UNTO ME.

HARK, the gentle voice of Jesus falleth
Tenderly upon your ear;
Sweet his cry of love and pity calleth;
Turn and listen, stay and hear.

CHO.—Ye that labor and are heavy laden,
Lean upon your dear Lord's breast;
Ye that labor and are heavy laden,
Come, and I will give you rest.

2 Take his yoke, for he is meek and lowly,
Bear his burden, of him learn;
He who calleth is the Master, holy,
He will teach if you will learn.

3 Then, his loving, tender voice obeying,
Bear his yoke, his burden take;
Find the yoke his hand is on you laying,
Light and easy for his sake.

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223 O PRODIGAL DON'T STAY AWAY.

O PRODIGAL, don't stay away!
The Father is waiting to day;
There's room and to spare,
There is raiment to wear,
O prodigal don't stay away.

CHO.—Will you come? Will you come?
Will you come, come home to-day?
There is welcome for you,
From the Father so true,
Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

2 O prodigal brother, come home!
Why longer in wretchedness roam?
You're lonely and lost,
You are driven and tost,
O prodigal brother, come home.

3 O prodigal, what will you do?
Love's table is waiting for you;
Forgiveness so sweet,
Sure, your coming will greet,
O prodigal, what will you do?

4 O prodigal brother, arise!
For pardon look up to the skies;
No longer then stray,
From the Father away,
O prodigal brother, arise!

224 WHOSOEVER WILL.

WHOSOEVER will may truly come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
Whosoever will may truly come,
And drink life's water freely.
He that is athirst, oh, let him come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
He that is athirst, oh, let him come,
And drink life's water freely.

CHO.—The Spirit and the Bride say come,
Freely come, freely come;
The Spirit and the Bride say come,
And drink of life's water freely.
Whosoever will may truly come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
Whosoever will may truly come,
And drink life's water freely.

2 He that is an hungered, let him come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
He that is an hungered, let him come,
And eat and live forever.
Whosoever eateth of the bread,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
Whosoever eateth of the bread
Of life shall hunger never.

3 'Tis the blessed Saviour's words I hear,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
'Tis the blessed Saviour's words I hear,
To ev'ry tribe and nation,
Whosoever will may truly come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
Whosoever will may truly come,
And share this great salvation.

225 PEACE.

THERE'S comfort and peace for the mourner,
There's rest for the troubled within,
'Tis found in the gospel of Jesus,
The Saviour from sorrow and sin.

REF.—Peace, peace, peace,
Sweet peace for the spirit oppressed,
There's peace in the words of the Saviour,
Who promises comfort and rest.

2 He publishes peace and salvation,
Obtained at an infinite cost,
Oh! welcome the free invitation,
The tidings of grace to the lost.

3 To all that are burdened and weary,
And long to be happy and blest,
He offers in tender compassion,
Forgiveness and comfort and rest.

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226 WE ARE GOING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

WE have heard there is a fountain full and tree,
That our Lord has opened with his blood,
From his side it flow'd when hanging on the tree,
'Tis a cleansing, soul-redeeming flood.

CHO.—We are going to the Fountain,
We are going to the Fountain,
We are going to the Fountain,
To wash away our sins.

2 Jesus calls us to this crimson, healing flood,
There to wash away the stains of sin;
Help us come to thee, thou dying lamb of God,
Cleanse our hearts, and make us pure within.

3 Mighty Saviour, free from blemish, guilt and spot,
Thou this healing, cleansing fountain art,
Purge and wash our souls from ev'ry filthy blot,
Pardon, holiness to us impart.

4 Sav'd and ransomed by thy rich, atoning blood,
We will sing with all the host above,
Glory, praise to thee, thou precious Lamb of God,
For thy boundless, free, amazing love.

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227 WAITING AT THE POOL.

THOUSANDS stand to-day in sorrow,
Waiting at the pool;
Saying they will wash to-morrow,
Waiting at the pool;
Others step in left and right,
Wash their stained garments white,
Leaving you in sorrow's night,
Waiting at the pool.

2 Souls, your filthy garments wearing,
Waiting at the pool;
Hearts, your heavy burden bearing,
Waiting at the pool;
Can it be you never heard,
Jesus long ago hath stirred
The waters with his mighty word,
Waiting at the pool.

3 Thousands once were standing near you,
Waiting at the pool;
Come their voices back to cheer you,
Waiting at the pool;
Back from Canaan's happy shore,
Sorrows past and labor o'er,

Where they stand in tears no more,
Waiting at the pool.

4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
Waiting at the pool:
Calls to them across the water,
Waiting at the pool;
You can never more embrace
Mother, or behold her face,
If you keep the leper's place,
Waiting at the pool.

5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool.

228 JESUS WILL FORGIVE.

COME, ye sinners, come to-day:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
All your sins he'll wash away:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

REF.—O, come to-day!
Why longer stay away?
He will not say you nay:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

2 Come unto the mercy seat:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
Humbly falling at his feet:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

3 Lay your treasures up above:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

Trust the riches of his love:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

4 Earnestly a blessing seek:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
Trembling sinner, faint and weak,
Jesus will forgive you freely.

5 He is able all to save:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
For your love his blood he gave
Jesus will forgive you freely.

6 Then, ye sinners, come to-day:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
All your sins he'll wash away:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

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229 HEAR HIM CALLING.

ARE you staying, safely staying,
In the tender Shepherd's peaceful folds?
No, I'm straying, sadly straying,
On the lonely mountains, dark and cold.

REF.—On your ear his loving tones are falling,
For he seeks you, where-so-e'er you roam.
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,
As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

2 Are you hearing, gladly hearing,
How he bids his folded flock rejoice?
No, Im fearing, sadly fearing,
I have followed far the stranger's voice.

3 Are you roaming, longer roaming,
In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?
No, I'm coming, quickly coming!
Open door, make haste to let me in.

230 JOY IN HEAVEN.

THERE is joy in heav'n to-day!
There is joy to-day
O'er the lamb that is found again,
Far away from the pastures green,
Wand'ring all alone
On the desolate barren plain!

REF.—Glory to the Lord of Hosts,
Shout the morning stars on high,
Praise him ever, ye angels of light!
He has heard the distant cry
Of the lamb to-day,
And he bears it rejoicing home!

2 When a soul has gone astray
From the narrow way,
And there seemeth no joy nor rest,
Jesus still is ever near,
Hearing night and day
All the cries of the sin oppress'd!

3 Sinner, bow with gratitude,
And, with heart subdued,
Plead his mercy and pardon free!
He will see the falling tear,
Hear the fervent pray'r,
And will tenderly welcome thee!

231 *PASS ME NOT.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

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2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face:
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in Heav'n but thee?

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232 *JESUS CALLS THEE.

JESUS, gracious one, calleth now to thee,
"Come, O sinner, come!"
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
"*Now*, O sinner, come."
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ's own love confessing;

REF.—Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
Full, full of love;
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
"Come, O sinner come."

2 Still he waits for thee, pleading patiently,
"Come, O come to me!"
"Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,
Come and rest in me."
Words with love o'erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing;

3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously.
Canst thou dare refuse?
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,

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Wilt thou still abuse?
Come, for time is flying,
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

233 *ONLY A STEP TO JESUS.

ONLY a step to Jesus!
Then why not take it now!
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
To him thy Saviour bow.

REF.—Only a step, only a step;
Come, he waits for thee;
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing;
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

2 Only a step to Jesus!
Believe, and thou shalt live;
Lovingly now he's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus!
A step from sin to grace;
What hast thy heart decided?
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus!
O why not come, and say,
Gladly to thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away.

234 THE WAGES OF SIN.

I HAVE labored for thee, O sin,
With energy, night and day,
Now what shall I have for my reward,
And what is my utmost pay?

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CHO.—"The wages of sin is death,"
All that is promised, you know,
Nothing but death, eternal death,
Bitter remorse and woe.

2 But I've given my youth and strength,
My talents and time to thee,
I have bartered away my words of truth,
And nothing remains to me.

3 I have slighted the voice of God,
And stifled my conscience too;
I have done despite to the Spirit's pow'r,
In striving thy work to do.

4 I have severed the ties of earth,
And ruined my hopes of heaven,
And only for thee I've lived and toiled,
And now, what reward is given?

235 BLESSED MASTER, COME IN.

SAID a voice, Behold, at the door I stand,
Of the heart that is hardened by sin;
If ye hear my voice and unlock the door,
As a friend and a guest, I'll come in.

REF.—Thou Knocker divine, I'll open the door,
Long bolted and fastened by sin;
With a smile of delight, I will open the door,
And say, Blessed Master, come in.

2 Then the Saviour said, I will feast with you,
And will sit at the table of love;
I will sup with you, you shall sup with me,
Like the souls in communion above.

3 It was heav'n below, my dear Lord to know,
When he graciously entered within;
I was filled with joy, and my heart made bright,
I was freed from the sorrow of sin.

236 JESUS OF NAZARETH.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
‖ In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" :‖

2 Who is this Jesus? why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
‖: Again the stirring notes reply;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :‖

3 Jesus, 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burden'd ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame.
‖: The blind rejoic'd to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :‖

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
Ye wand'rers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffer'd grace.
‖: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :‖

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :‖

237 BE SAVED!

SINNER, how thy heart is troubled;
God is coming very near;

Do not hide thy deep emotion;
Do not check the falling tear.

CHO.—Oh, be saved! his grace is free.
Oh, be saved! he died for thee.
Oh, be saved! he died for thee.

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus, lowly, meek and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Canst thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light.
Come at once; accept his mercy;
He is waiting: come to-night.

4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
Thou canst feel this very moment,
Pardon—precious, pure and sweet.

5 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heav'n;
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiv'n.

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238 "WHOSOEVER."

O'ER the desert and dreary way,
And down the lonely mountain,
Our feet are hasting and cannot stay;
We long to know if soon we may
Draw nigh the flowing fountain.

CHO.—Whosoever that will may haste
To the crystal river,
Come, freely drink and freely taste,
It flows for "whosoever."

2 We are covered with soil and stain,
Unworthy we for going;
Thro' ways of sorrow and sin and pain,
We long the cleansing fount to gain
For us, oh, is it flowing?

3 We are needy and we are poor,
No price have we for giving;
Oh, may we enter the Open Door,
Nor faint nor thirst forever-more,
But drink the waters living?

4 Hark, from over the jasper wall,
And thro' the pearly portals,
Upon our faltering spirits fall,
The angel song, the welcome call
Of glorified Immortals.

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239 WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart:
Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

REF.—Why not to-night? why not to-night?
Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise:
Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will:
Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their soul unite:

Believe in him: the work is done;
Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

240 KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

WHO at my door is standing,
Patiently drawing near,
Entrance within demanding?
Whose is the voice I hear?

REF.—Sweetly the tones are falling:
"Open the door for me!
If thou wilt heed my calling,
I will abide with thee."

2 Lonely without he's staying:
Lonely within am I.
While I am still delaying,
Will he not pass me by?

3 All through the dark hours dreary,
Knocking again is he.
Jesus, art thou not weary,
Waiting so long for me?

4 Door of my heart, I hasten!
Thee will I open wide.
Though he rebuke and chasten,
He shall with me abide.

241 FREE WATERS.

THERE'S a fountain free, 'tis for you and me:
Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink;
'Tis the fount of love from the Source above,
And he bids us all freely drink.

CHO.—Will you come to the fountain free?
Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call:
'Tis a fountain open'd for all.

2 There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam:
From the throne of life now it flows;
While the waters roll let the weary soul
Hear the call that forth freely goes.

3 There's a living well and its waters swell,
And eternal life they can give;
And we joyful sing, ever spring, oh spring,
As we haste to drink and to live.

4 There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left,
That may not its pure waters share;
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see:
Let us hasten joyfully there.

242 SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me.

REF.—Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me;
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father,
Sinful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me; but, the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour:
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor:
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so pure and free;
Grace of God, so full and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.

243 LINGER NO LONGER.

COME, needy sinners:
Jesus is waiting,
Waiting to give you peace within;
Haste to the Saviour,
Trust in his mercy,
Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.

CHO.—Linger no longer:
Come now to Jesus:
Low at his foot-stool humbly bow.
Oh, linger no longer:
Come now to Jesus,
Jesus will save you—save just now.

2 Come, come to Jesus:
Angels are waiting,
Waiting to bear the news above,
Sinners are coming,
Wand'rers returning,
Seeking again a Father's love.

3 Come, come to Jesus:
Dear friends are waiting,—
Waiting to greet you in their throng;
Happy in Jesus,
Sharing their rapture,
Singing with them the new, new song.

4 Come, come to Jesus:
All things are ready,—
Ready for your return to-day;
Time fast is fleeting,
Judgment is hast'ning,
Come find salvation while you may.

244 I WILL GO TO JESUS.

LADEN with a heavy burden,
To my Saviour I will go,
Casting all my care upon him,
He will bear my load, I know.

REF.—I will go with all my guilt to Jesus,
Wretched, poor and helpless tho' I be;
I will go and wash my spirit in the fountain,
His blood shall set me free.

2 Jesus is the burden bearer;
All my sins on him were laid;
Dying on the cross accursed,
He a full atonement made.

3 At the feet of Jesus falling,
Rent with anguish, pain and grief,
Of my crimes with tears repenting,
He will give me sweet relief.

4 By his grace and mercy pardoned,
All my sins and guilt forgiven,
I will thank and bless and praise him,
For the joyful hope of heaven.

245 COME AND SEE.

THERE'S a glorious invitation,
Sent to you and me;
Stand no longer weary, doubting,
Come, oh, come and see.

CHO.—Come and see, come and see,
Stand no longer weary, doubting;
Come and see, come and see,
Come, oh, come and see.

2 There's a tender, loving Saviour,
Waiting now for thee,

Yearning now for thy returning;
Only come and see.

3 Never yet was found another
Half so true as he;
In thy joy and in thy sorrow,
Trust in him and see.

4 Wherefore grieve him by delaying?
Some day thou may'st be
Sore repenting for so doubting;
Come, he calleth thee.

246 THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

WILL you drink the flowing fountain?
Will you bid your friends draw near,
Where the sparkling, crystal waters
Ever rise so bright and clear?

REF.—Oh, come to the fountain, come to the fountain,
Come to the fountain, the fountain free.
'Tis now over-flowing, now over-flowing,
Now over-flowing for you and me.

2 Lead the wounded and the sorrowing,
All the suff'ring and the poor,
To the fount of healing waters,
Bringing joy forever-more!

3 Little children, Jesus calls you,
Will you hear his loving voice?
Meet him at the flowing fountain:
Let your happy hearts rejoice!

4 He is waiting now to bless you,
Meekly falling at his feet,
Drink, oh, drink the cup he gives you,
Full of joy and comfort sweet.

247 I'LL GO.

I'VE stray'd till late, the night is falling,
I long again to find my home;
A voice I hear, so kindly calling:
"My wand'ring child come home! come home!"

REF.—I'll go, I'll go!
With my tears of sorrow swelling,
All my sin and weakness telling,
To my Father's far-off dwelling,
I'll go, I'll go!

2 I'm lost upon the lonely mountains,
Where thorns beset my weary way;
Afar I hear the tuneful fountains,
That in his peaceful pastures play.

3 My soul is faint, my spirit weeping,
In want of food that once was free,
My Father's house is surely keeping,
The Bread of Life, enough for me.

248 COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now he will save you, etc.

3 Don't reject him, don't reject him,
Don't reject him just now;
Just now don't reject him, etc.

4 He is ready, he is ready,
He is ready just now;
Just now he is ready, etc.

5 Oh, believe him, oh, believe him,
Oh, believe him just now;
Just now oh, believe him, etc.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now;
Just now do not tarry, etc.

7 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, etc.

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249 C. M. DOUBLE.

APPROACH my soul the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name!

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still.
My promised grace receive:"

'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

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250 THE INVITATION.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
‖: He is able, :‖
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
‖: Without money, :‖
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
‖: This he gives you, :‖
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
‖: Not the righteous, :‖
Sinners Jesus came to call.

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251 REVIVE US.

ALL glory and praise be to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, and so true to his word.

REF.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 To us he hath given the gift from above,
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

3 Ye all may receive, who on Jesus do call,
The gift of his Spirit—'tis proffered to all.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace
And look for the shower—the Spirit of grace.

252 THE ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

253 PSALM LI.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

254 JUBILEE SONG.

OH, ye who have lost your possessions of peace,
Whose soul for the rest that remaineth doth yearn,
The voice of the Lord bids your sorrowing cease,
This year of my jubilee, ye shall return.

REF.—Oh, jubilee year! great jubilee year!
Now let its glad shoutings begin.
The high-sounding trumpet shall gladden the ear,
Proclaiming God's liberty, freedom from sin.

2 Ye, who from the house of your Father astray,
Are longing no more from his presence to roam,
The voice of his mercy doth tenderly say,
This year of my jubilee, ye shall return.

3 Ye, who with his foes are enrolling your names,
Who far from his service are bending the knee,
The voice of Jehovah your ransom proclaims,
This year of my jubilee, all shall go free.

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255 COME TO JESUS.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the appliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;

For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

256 "NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

257 JOINING THE CHURCH—THE VOW.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways,
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

258 *"RETURN UNTO ME."

RETURN, O wanderer, return!
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

259 YARBROUGH.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;

*Words by McDonald, belong to W. G. Fischee, Phila.

Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

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260 PSALM CXXXVII. 5, 6.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

261 "NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies.
And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

262 DIES IRÆ.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

263 THE SAVIOUR IS CALLING.

OH, the Saviour is calling to-day,
And mercy is pleading with me:
Shall I turn, Christ the Saviour, away,
When his love is so rich and so free?

CHO.—No: I'll answer his calling to-day:
I will bow at his feet, and will say:
Blessed Jesus, to thee now I pray
Take, oh, take all my sins away!

2 Oh, the Saviour is calling to-day,
And waiting to bless even me:
Shall I say to him thus, "Go thy way!"
When his love is so rich and so free?

3 Blessed Saviour, I seek thee to-day:
To speak words of peace unto me:
Keep, oh, keep me from sin, Lord, I pray;
For thy love is so rich and so free.

264 THE OPEN DOOR.

THE mistakes of my life have been many,
But the sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarcely can see for my weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

REF.—I know I am sinful and unworthy,
And now I feel it more and more,
But Jesus invites me to come in, come in;
I will enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who would love him;
I am weakest of those who would pray;
But I come to him as he has bidden,
And I know he'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,
And my sins he will wash all away;
And the feet that now stumble and falter,
Soon may enter the gate of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is weary with sin;
Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,
Yet the Saviour will let me in.

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265 REVELATION III: 20.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

266 ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten sinner to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

267 ECCLES. XII: 1.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,
Remember thy Creator now;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope
Thy confidence and joy.

2 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of blest eternity.
Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

268 7s.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

269 FARMVILLE.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot;
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

270 SPRING.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!

4 Surely thou canst not let me die:
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

5 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

Section II.—Work.

271 WORK FOR JESUS.

HEAR the voice of Jesus say,
Loudly crying unto all,
In my vineyard work to-day:
Hearken to his call.

CHO.—Work, then, for Jesus:
He will own and bless your labors.
Work, work for Jesus:
Work, work to day.

2 Why, he asks, thro' all the day,
Stand ye idle, nothing do?
Enter in without delay:
I have work for you.

3 Work and serve me with delight;
Full reward to you I'll give.
At the gath'ring shades of night,
Wages you'll receive.

4 Thro' the long and toilsome day,
'Neath a blazing, burning sun,
Bear the heat, pursue your way
Till your task is done.

272 AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

I THINK I should mourn o'er my sorrowful fate,
If sorrow in heaven can be.
If no one should be at the beautiful gate,
There waiting and watching for me.

CHO.—Yes, waiting and watching for me,
Yes, waiting and watching for me;
May many of those at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me.

2 How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state,
If sadness in heaven can be,
If no one should be at the beautiful gate,
Conducted to glory by me.

3 O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace
In winning lost souls unto thee.
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

273 THE MUSTARD SEED.

LIKEN the kingdom to the springing,
Springing of smallest weeds we know:
Soon in the branches birds are singing,
So shall the heav'nly kingdom grow.

CHO.—Wide o'er the mead,
Fling thou the seed!
Sunshine of heav'n shall be giv'n;
Seed of the kingdom freely sow.

2 Say not, too humble seems thy planting,
Trust in the story Jesus told,
Dews of his grace our Lord is granting,
Soon shall it yield an hundred fold.

3 O! the rejoicing, when at even,
Thy labor ended, safe at home,
High in the branches, up in heaven,
Singing, "O Lord thy kingdom's come!"

274 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Tho' they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

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275 WHAT WILL THE RECOMPENSE BE?

HARVESTER, harvester, gather thy sheaves!
The Master is coming this way;
My heart o'er its folly and idleness grieves,
And the hours it has squand'd away.

CHO.—Gather, gather, gather the sheaves,
Bound in the harvest for thee;
O soul, if thy hand hath pluck'd nothing but leaves,
What will the recompense be?

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2 Harvester, harvester, work with a will,
For soon will the harvest be done;
While standing in idleness soul, art thou still?
O what have thy folded hands won?

3 Harvester, harvester, dally no more,
And think what the Master would say:
"O gather the sheaves till the harvest is o'er,
Go work with the reapers to-day!"

276 ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

ONE more day's for Jesus;
One less below for me;
But heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less below for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King;
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere tho't
How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.

277 OH, WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

OH, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHO.—Where are the reapers! Oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain:
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."

278 BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

WE'VE listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life our guiding star,
Battling for the Lord!

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 We've girded on our armor bright,
Battling for the Lord!
Our Captain's word our strength and might,
Battling for the Lord.

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,
Battling for the Lord,
And in his strength we'll never yield,
Battling for the Lord.

4 Tho' sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Thro' grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!

279 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours,

Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give ev'ry flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkning,
When man's work is o'er.

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280 BEHOLD THE LITTLE FLOCK.

BEHOLD the little flock, precious lambs of Jesus;
Who shall keep them lest they stray?
The Shepherd of the sheep from on high he sees us;
Hear him gently to us say:

CHO.—"Lovest thou me?
Feed my lambs, my sheep!"
Thou knowest, dearest Lord, knowest how we love thee,
We thy blest command will keep.

2 Oh, who will lead the flock thro' the desert dreary,
Where the feeble lambs may fall?
Who will the hungry feed, and support the weary?
Hear! on high the Shepherd call:

3 And who will turn their feet from the cold, dark mountains?
Who will watch them, ever nigh,
And bring them to the brink of the living fountains?
Hear the Shepherd's voice on high:

4 And who will, by and by, in the fields of Heaven,
With the flock the Shepherd see?
We thank thee, dearest Lord, that to us is given,
Safe to bring thy lambs to thee.

281 FOLLOW THOU ME.

IF I, like Galilee fishers,
Were mending my nets by the main,
And Jesus, coming, should call me,
He never should call in vain.

CHO.—We'll follow the summons of Jesus,
Wherever, however it falls;
When high up the pathway he sees us,
And, "Follow thou me!" he calls.

2 If I were dwelling in pleasure,
Or sitting in places of gain,
And Jesus, passing, should call me,
He never should call in vain.

3 If I were sinking in sadness,
Or dreading the cross and the pain,
And Jesus tenderly call'd me,
He never should call in vain.

282 *DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS TO-DAY.

DO something for Jesus to-day:
Remember what he did for you!
Let ev'ry believer now say,
Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

REF.—Do something for Jesus to-day,
Do something for Jesus to-day,
Do something to day,
Do something to-day,
Do something for Jesus to-day.

2 Do something for Jesus to-day:
Bring some one to bow at his feet:
Oh, why shouldst thou longer delay?
All work for the Master is sweet.

3 Do something for Jesus to-day:
The moments, how swiftly they roll!
Now rescue the lost ones who say
That no man doth care for their soul.

4 Do something for Jesus to-day:
Go speak to that perishing one
Whom Satan hath long led astray:
To-morrow the soul may be gone.

283 SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LET us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing,
All the briars from the way.

CHO.—‖ Then scatter seeds of kindness, :‖
For our reaping by and by.

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*From Welcome Tidings, by permission.

2 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flow'rs are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

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284 DO GOOD.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do
While the days are going by.

CHO.—While the days are going by,
While the days are going by,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,—
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

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285 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

NOW to heav'n our pray'rs ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right;
Be our zeal in heav'n recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

2 Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right;
Like the good and great in story,

If we fail, we fail with glory,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

286 SOMETHING TO DO.

THERE'S work for the hand, and there's work for the heart,
Something to do, something to do,
And each should be busy performing his part,
Something to do, something to do.

REF.—Work for the aged and work for the young
Work for the feeble and work for the strong
Work for us all and excuses for none,
Something just now to do,
Something to do,
Something to do,
Something just now to do.

2 The sick must be sooth'd and the hungry be fed
Something to do, something to do,
The naked be cloth'd and the erring be led,
Something to do, something to do.

3 The Master says "work" and has led us the way,
Something to do, something to do,
He says "not to-morrow, the time is to-day,"
Something to do, something to do.

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287 "THIS WOMAN WAS FULL OF GOOD WORKS AND ALMS-DEEDS WHICH SHE DID."—*Acts* IX. : 36.

GO forth among the poor;
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.

2 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.

3 Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness—say,
Blessed are they that weep,

4 With tireless hopeful love,
Fulfill your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too:
Blest are the pure in heart.

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288 "THEREFORE SHALL THE LAND MOURN."—*Hos.* IV. : 3.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem,
For reason's light divine,

Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul,
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to helpless night.

4 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

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289 FOR AN INCREASE OF LABORERS.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

290 THE MINISTER'S THEME.

JESUS, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb."

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

291 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

SOWING in the morning—sowing seeds of kindness:
Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve:
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

REF.—Bringing in the golden sheaves,
Bringing in the golden sheaves,
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest, and the labors ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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292 "SON, GO WORK TO-DAY."

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying
"There is nothing I can do!"

Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be:
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

293 "SAVE A SOUL FROM DEATH."

ROUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind;
Kindly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Bear the blissful tidings onward;
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downward
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly;
Round it live and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly
Till we gain the victory;
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

4 Now unto the Lamb, forever.
Fountain of all light and love,
Let the glory, fading never,
Be ascribed to him above,
Whose compassion
Did the friends of temp'rance move.

294 I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I WANT to be a worker for the Lord,
I want to love and trust his holy word,

I want to sing and pray, and be busy ev'ry day
In the vineyard of the Lord.

CHO.—I will work, I will pray,
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord,

I will work, I will pray,
I will labor ev'ry day
In the vineyard of the Lord.

2 I want to be a worker ev'ry day,
I want to lead the erring in the way
That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save,
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home.
In the kingdom of the Lord.

4 I want to be a worker, help me, Lord,
To lead the lost and erring to thy word,
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

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295 "SO CHRIST WAS ONCE OFFERED TO BEAR THE SINS OF MANY."

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,

I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hath thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

---

296 "HELP, LORD."

GREAT God! to whom alone belong
Tributes of praise forevermore,
O deign to hear our humble song,
While here thy goodness we adore!

2 In times gone by, thou kindly blessed
The humble efforts we have made;
Again we plead for those oppressed,
The slaves of drink of every grade.

4 O breathe thy spirit on us, Lord!
And teach us how their hearts to win;
Thy choicest blessings now afford,
And keep us, Lord, from every sin.

---

297 TOUCH NOT, NOR TASTE.

SAY, who hath sorrow, contentions and woe?
They where the wine-cup is flowing who go.

Look not upon it, a serpent its head,
Hides in the glow of the glittering red.

REF.—Touch not, nor taste, touch not, nor taste:
Oh, from the adder that stingeth you, haste!
Tarry nor stay, tarry nor stay,
There when a serpent but hides to betray.

2 Say, who in spirit are wounded, in pain?
They who go seeking the wine-cup again;
Tarrying long till the sparkle is past,
Lo, it shall sting like an adder at last.

3 Say, who is stricken until he must be
Like as one toss'd in the midst of the sea?
They who are beaten and sickened and sore,
They who have fallen the wine-cup before.

4 What shall we tell them, oh, what can we say?
How can we turn them from sinning away?
Lovingly give them the brotherly hand,
Tenderly helping the fallen to stand.

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298 IF YE FAINT NOT, YE SHALL REAP.

YE who sow with anxious yearning
Till the tiny leaflets peep,
Waiting, watching, patience learning,
‖: "If ye faint not, ye shall reap." :‖

2 Though the harvest, long delaying,
Cause you sorrowing, to weep,
Still believe this faithful saying,
‖: "If ye faint not, ye shall reap." :‖

3 Ground now dead, and barren seeming,
Blooming, shall awake from sleep,
For the promise rises beaming,
‖: "If ye faint not, ye shall reap." :‖

4 Seeds of truth around you flinging
On fair mead and rugged steep,
In your ears one truth be ringing,
‖: "If ye faint not, ye shall reap." :‖

5 Fearless tread the path of duty,
Joy shall cause your hearts to leap,
When from fields of golden beauty,
‖: "If ye faint not, ye shall reap." :‖

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299 DUNCAN.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broadcast it o'er the land,

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Then, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

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300 "TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST."

BROTHERS! rally for the conflict;
See the glorious banner wave;
Temperance bands are pressing onward,
Fallen men to uplift and save,
Hear a mighty host of freemen,
Songs of joy and triumph raise;

Love hath conquered, chains are broken;
Give to God most high the praise.

2 Swift the day of life is passing,
Soon will fall the shades of night;
Urge we then the glorious conflict,
Battling hard in love's great might,
Burst the tyrant bands asunder;
Set the wretched captive free;
Let rejoicing wives and mothers
Shout "the year of jubilee."

3 Led no more by passion captive,
Haunts of sin and death we shun;
Happy hearts and smiling faces
Tell of joyful vict'ries won,
Hear a mighty host of freemen,
Songs of joy and triumph raise;
Love hath conquered, chains are broken;
Give to God most high the praise.

301 HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS.

THERE is a guiding heart above,
That prompts to every work of love;
There is a heavenly hand that leads
To generous aims and worthy deeds.

2 There is a power which works thro' all;
Controls and governs great and small;
We work with him, and where we end,
His promised blessing shall descend.

3 So we have labored months and years,
'Mid oft commingling smiles and tears;
So we have wrought, O God, with thee,
And thou with us unweariedly.

Section III.—Missionary.

302 HARWELL.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His Divine, victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

303 "COME, LORD JESUS."

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kindgom bring:
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

304 REMEMBRANCE.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that bids
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.

CHO.—It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern winter blast
May howl around your cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

305 WONDERFUL GRACE.

JOYFUL sound that I love to hear,
Tidings of heavenly grace,
Music sweet to my ravished ear,
Hope of a dying race.

REF.—Wonderful grace! infinite grace!
Infinite grace to me!
Wonderful grace! wonderful grace,
Infinite, rich and free!

2 Spread the news of redeeming love,
Publish it far and wide,
Speak of Christ from the heav'n above,
Tell of the Lamb that died.

3 Tell the story the world around,
Shout it in ev'ry place,
Fill the world with the blessed sound,
Sing of the wondrous grace.

306 SHIP OF ZION.

THERE'S a wail from the islands of the sea,
There's a voice that is calling you and me,
In the old Ship of Zion,
The strong help of Zion,
The good news of Zion, carry ye!
"Come over and help us!" is the cry;
Come over and help us, or we die,
I see the wo falling,
I hear the voice calling,
Oh, Ship of Salvation, thither fly.

2 There's a moan from the desert, full of pain,
There's a sigh over Afric's sunny plain,
In the old Ship of Zion,
The strong help of Zion,
Bear good news of Zion, o'er the main.
"Come over and help us!" is the cry;
Come over and help us, or we die,
Across the wide waters,
Hear Afric's dark daughters!
Oh, Ship of Salvation, thither fly.

3 There's a groan from the Ganges where they fall,
At the feet of the idols, in their thrall,
In the old Ship of Zion,
The strong help of Zion,

The good news of Zion, bear them all!
"Come over and help us!" is the cry;
Come over and help us, or we die,
I see idols falling,
And India calling,
Oh, Ship of Salvation, thither fly.

307 TELL IT OUT.

TELL it out among the nations that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that he shall increase,
That the mighty King of glory is the King of peace;
‖: Tell it out! Tell it out! :‖
Tell it out with jubilation, let the songs ne'er cease;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns!
‖: Tell it out! Tell it out! :‖
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives!
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save;
‖: Tell it out! Tell it out! :‖

3 Tell it out among the nations Jesus reigns above!
‖: Tell it out! Tell it out! :‖
Tell it out among the heathen that his reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lawns at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;
‖: Tell it out! Tell it out! :‖
Like the voice of many waters let our glad shout be;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

308 *A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

THERE'S a cry from Macedonia, "Come and help us,
The light of the gospel bring, O come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring."
O ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
Remember the great command, away!
Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature,
Proclaim it in ev'ry land.
They shall gather from the East,
They shall gather from the West,
With the patriarchs of old;
And the ransom'd shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest
With their harps and crowns of gold.

CHO.—*There's a cry in Macedonia, "Come and help us,*
The light of the gospel bring, O, come!

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Let us hear the joyful tidings of salva tion,
We thirst for the living spring."

2 How beautiful their feet upon the mountains,
The tidings of peace who bring, who bring,
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's King!
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
Go work in your master's field away!
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.

3 Ye have 'listed in the army of the faithful,
Like heroes the battle fight, away!
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armor bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the spirit wield, away?
Ye shall conquer thro' his mercy who hath loved you,
The lo d is your strength and shield.
Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing;
Ye by faith may bring it nigh,
Ye shall reach it by and by,
And your shouts of triumph ring.

309 PSALM LXXII.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 People and realms, of every tongue.
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

310 PSALM CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

311 MISSIONARY MEETING.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshal'd every star
Has call'd thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid: to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

312 THE KINGDOM COMING.

FROM all the dark places
Of earth's heathen races,
Oh, see how the thick shadows fly!
The voice of salvation,
Awakes ev'ry nation,
Come over and help us, they cry.

CHO.—The kingdom is coming,
O, tell ye the story,
God's banner exalted shall be!
The earth shall be full of his knowledge
and glory,
As waters that cover the sea!

2 The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last ev'ry nation,
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown!

313 "EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked for day:
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay!

2 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise—
Creation's second birth!

3 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

314 "UNTIL HE COME WHOSE RIGHT IT IS."

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Send forth thy word and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord.

315 "CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT."

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'er spreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

316 "GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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317 "THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY."

THE harvest dawn is near;
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes;
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

---

318 TELL IT AGAIN.

INTO the tent where a gypsy boy lay,
Dying alone, at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried--said he:
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

REF.—Tell it again! tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er;
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before!"

2 "Did he so love me, a poor little boy?
Send unto me the good tidings of joy?
Need I not perish? my hand will he hold?
"Nobody ever the story has told!"

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God sent his Son! whosoever!" said he;
"Then I am sure he sent him for me!"

4 Smiling he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me he was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"

319 "TO PREACH THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD."

YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name:
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

320 "A GLORIOUS CHURCH."

FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old, and yet ever new!

3 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

---

321 ISAIAH LII.: 7.

ON the mountainous top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
‖: Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands. :‖

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All the friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
‖: Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved. :‖

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
‖: Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send. :‖

---

322 "LET THE WHOLE EARTH BE FILLED WITH HIS GLORY."

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

323 FREE GIVING.

IN the desert, days of old,
When they call'd for gems and gold,
For a sacred offering,
Only he whose spirit stirr'd,
Willing hearted, at the word,
Might a gift or treasure bring.

REF.—Freely give, still he calls,
And the promise of my word believe.
Freely give, still he calls,
And as freely do my love receive!

2 Then the women that were wise,
Spun of blue and purple dyes;
And the call was heard by them.
But by willing hands, alone,
Might the broid'ry work be done,
Of the sacred vesture hem.

3 Mighty rulers came and gave
Shining gems whereon to grave
All the names of Israel;
But their willing hands, alone,
By the precious onyx-stone,
Might the needful treasure swell.

4 Thus the work of God's command,
By his holy prophet's hand,
Was in sacred service wrought,
But the best and blessed part,
Was the glad and willing heart,
That his loving children brought.

324 BURKE.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine,
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Thro' an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
Sure the harvest time is near.

325 SLATER.

SAY not "For the harvest wait;"
Lift your eyes, the fields are white
Laborers few, the harvest great;
Short the day and dark the night.

REF.—‖: Pray ye, to the Master pray,
Send the workers forth to-day. :‖

2 In the dark Zenana home,
In the jungle's trackless wild,
In the waste where Arabs roam,
You may speak of Mary's child.

3 Other hands have plowed and sown;
Fields now yield and hundred fold;
Greater harvests ne'er were known,
Harvests of immortal souls.

4 Wages will the Master pay
Those who sow and those who reap;
Would you, on the festal day,
Join the "harvest home" to keep.

---

326 "SHALL A NATION BE BORN AT ONCE?"

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening ev'ry hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

---

327 "SHALL HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

IN the wondrous times of old,
God, his purpose grand and true,
Did to woman oft unfold,
Bidding her his will to do.

CHO.—Ringing thro' this Christian land
Comes to women now the word,
"Teach the nations!" great command
Of our glorious, risen Lord.

2 Tho' but weak our hands, and small,
Though but humble be our lot,
Still to each the clarion call
God is sounding, "Falter not!"

3 Trusting him whose mighty power
Makes us strong to do and dare,
Seize we now the present hour,
In the work our part to bear.

Part III.—Christmas.

328 HARK! THE HERALD.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled;"
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

REF.—Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

329 HOLY NIGHT!

HOLY night! peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep
‖: Rests in heavenly peace. :‖

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherd's sight
Came blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud hallelujah songs,
‖: Saying, Jesus is come. :‖

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of heav'n! oh, how bright
Thou didst smile on us when thou wast born!
Blest indeed was that happy morn:
‖: Full of heavenly joy. :‖

330 TIDINGS OF JOY.

TIDINGS of joy, oh, wonderful story!
Voices celestial sing o'er the plain,
Jesus the Lord descended from glory,
Voices on earth re-echo the strain.

CHO.—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy,
Jesus the Lamb for sinners was slain;
Tidings of joy, tidings of joy,
Tidings of joy, he liveth again.

2 Tell it abroad o'er valley and mountain,
Jesus invites the wanderer home;
Freely for all he opened a fountain,
Tidings of joy, the sinner may come.

3 Tell it with joy, there 're mansions in heaven,
Home of the ransomed, holy and blest,
Crowns of rejoicing there shall be given,
Praises to him who giveth us rest.

331 THE LORD IS RISEN.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain:
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

2 Ye mournings saints. dry ev'ry tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place! he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away

Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comfort slain:
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he is risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

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332 WE THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE.

WE three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar;
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

CHO.—O Star of wonder, Star of Night,
Star with Royal beauty bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Gaspard.

2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again;
King forever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Melchoir.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,
Worship him, God on high.

Balthaza.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrow'ng, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

All.

5 Glorious now behold him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heav'n sings
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, the earth replies.

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333 ANGELIC SONGS.

HARK! hark! my soul, Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHO.—Angels of Jesus! Angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come weary souls for Jesus bids you come;"
And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

334 CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GO ye to the woodlands,
Search the forest o'er,
Bring of nature's treasures,
Open all her store;
Cull the brightest laurels,
Gather box and pine,
For the shrine of Jesus,
Wreaths immortal twine.

CHO.—Carol, carol, carol,
O with voices gladsome,
Carol forth his praises,
Carol, joyously!

2 Bring, O bring abundance,
Loving hearts and hands,
Make his house most glorious.
Where his altar stands;
See the Rose of Sharon,
Fairest of the fair,
Lily of the valley,
Stand in beauty there.

3 Bring, O bring the off'ring,
Richer far than gold,
Of a heart-felt service,
With a love untold;
Bearing incense, wafted,
On the wings of praise,
Songs of loud hosannas,
In his temple raise.

335 GLAD TIDINGS.

ONCE o'er Judea's hills by night,
Was heard a joyful sound,
A host appeared, of angels bright,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, they sing,
To you we bring
Glad tidings, peace on earth;
Good-will to men,
They caroled then,
And sang the Saviour's birth.
Bethlehem's plain no more we hear
The wondrous, heavenly chime;
But we can sound a strain as dear,
This joyful Christmas time.

CHO.—Our song we raise
As God we praise,
Good-will and peace on earth;
With heart and voice
We all rejoice,
And sing the Saviour's birth.

2 When they had sung their song of love,
The angels went away,
To sing in joyful courts above
That first glad Christmas day.
The shepherds heard
The wondrous word
The angels brought to them;
Then hastened they
Where sleeping lay
The babe of Bethlehem.
Around the manger gathering,
O! let us prostrate fall;
And to the infant Saviour bring
Our hearts, our lives, our all!

336 PAUL.

JESUS, the conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad!

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes, our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad,
The victory of his cross.

337 CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LIST! list to the chime of the Christmas bells,
The Christmas bells, the Christmas bells,
Sounding abroad the sweet welcome strains, the welcome strains;
Peace evermore, loud the tidings prolong,
‖: O'er land and o'er sea, comes the glad new song. :‖

2 Oh, merrily, merrily chiming to-day,
Yes, chiming to-day, yes, chiming to-day,
Cheering all hearts with your joyful lay, your joyful lay;
Softly, sweet bells, tell the story we love,
‖: There's joy on the earth, and there's joy above. :‖

3 Thy silvery music is wafted afar,
Is wafted afar, is wafted afar,
As thousands are hailing the Morning Star, the Morning Star;
Beautiful Star! let thy glorious ray,
‖: Illume all the earth with thy praise to-day. :‖

338 LEBANON.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heav'ns: thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

339 WELCOME, CHRISTMAS!

WELCOME, Christmas, welcome here,
Happiest season of the year!
Fires are blazing, thee to greet,
Friends long sever'd, joyful meet;

Brothers, sisters, circle round,
Loud is laughter's joyous sound,
For we love, we love to see,
All the children welcome thee.

REF.—Merry, merry Christmas, welcome here!
Welcome, welcome, welcome here!
Merry, merry Christmas,
Merry, merry Christmas,
Merry, merry Christmas, welcome here!

2 Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice,
Calls upon us to rejoice,
Not with idle, foolish mirth,
Born and perishing on earth,
Far be that ungrateful tho't,
Ours are mercies dearly bought,
Dearly bought, but freely giv'n,
By the Lord of earth and heav'n.

3 Fix we, then, on Christ our eye,
May we feel the Saviour nigh,
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord;
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near,
May his smile the season cheer,
And each gladdened heart and tongue,
Join the angel's Christmas song.

340 RESURRECTION.

"THE Lord is risen indeed:"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him has risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord has risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs
To sing our risen Lord.

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341 THE KING IN THE MANGER.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep pray'r,
And a baby's low cry!

CHO.—‖: And the star rains its fire, while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King. :‖

2 There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

CHO.—‖: Ay the star rains its fire, while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

3 In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearl'd,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

CHO.—‖: Ev'ry heart is aflame, while the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King :‖

4 We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down thro' the night,
From the heavenly throng.

CHO.—‖: Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King. :‖

---

342 ANTIOCH.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and flood, rocks, hill and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

---

343 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

O'ER the hills and adown the snowy dells,
As the echoes ring of the Christmas bells,
Angel songs in our hearts resound again,
Singing peace on earth and good-will to men!

CHO.—Bring pine and fir-tree, weave the garlands bright;
Gladden the temple of the King to-night!
Christmas is here! Fill it with cheer;
Make it glorious with joy and light.

2 Bring good will to the suffering and sad;
Speak the tender word that shall make them glad:
Tell them how, o'er the hills of Bethlehem
When the angels sang, 'twas good news for them.

3 Peace on earth! bid all strife and tumult cease:
For this night again gives the Lord his peace,
While our hands shall his temple beautify,
Carol, glory be unto God most high.

4 So glad hearts on this happy Christmas night
Bring your gifts of love, make his altar bright,
Sing glad songs that shall sweetly sound as when
Angels sang of peace and good-will to men.

---

344 HYMN OF THE HOLY CHILD.

SING we now the praises
Of the Holy Child;
Jesus, Son of Mary,
Ne'er by sin defiled.

2 In a cheerless stable,
In a crib, a King!
Unclean beasts around him,
White-wing'd angels sing.

3 Mary, Blessed Mother
Foldeth in her arms
Christ, the world's Redeemer,
Safe from world's alarm's.

4 Little children touching
With a fond caress;
In his arms he holds them,
And doth each one bless.

5 Jesu! Jesu! Saviour!
Children waiting here
Seek thy love and blessing
With thy holy fear.

6 Keep us, Lord and Master,
Free from sin and strife;
On us love bestowing,
Jesu! Lord of Life!

345 STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! Hark to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned: and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Part IV.—Special Occasions.

346 REST FROM LABOR.

HE has finished his work, and his journey is over,
The war is accomplished, the triumph begun;
He laid down his armor beside the cold river,
And brilliant with stars is the crown he has won.

2 He has finished his work, and his spirit rejoicing,
The voice of the King, in his beauty has heard,
In accents of music "Well done, faithful servant,"
Now enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

3 He has finished his work; shall we mourn our belov'd one?
Or weep, that his face we no longer behold?
Oh! sweet is our hope, in this moment of anguish,
We'll meet him again in the City of Gold.

---

347 ONE BY ONE.

THEY'RE gathering homeward from ev'ry land
One by one, one by one;
As weary, their feet touch the shining strand:
Yes, one by one.
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown;
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And cloth'd in white raiment, they rest in the mead
Where Jesus doth love his saints to lead.

CHO.—Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
Crossing the river one by one;
Gath'ring home, gath'ring home:
Yes, one by one.

2 Ere resting they pass thro' the toil and strife
One by one, one by one;
Thro' waters of death ere they enter life:
Yes, one by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
While wending their way to the heav'nly hill,
To others the waves o'erflow fiercely and wild,
But rest will be giv'n the undefiled.

3 And we, too, shall come to the river side
One by one, one by one;
We're near its waters each even-tide:
Yes, one by one.
We hear the great roar of death's chilly stream,
Ever and anon thro' life's fev'rish dream,
But Jesus will point out the bright silv'ry strand
And lead us thro' storms to peaceful land.

---

348 "IT IS WELL."

BELOVED, "It is well,"
"It is well," "It is well."
God's ways are always right
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.
"It is well," "It is well."

2 Beloved, "It is well,"
"It is well," "It is well."
Though deep and sore the smart,

He wounds who knows to bind,
And heal the broken heart.
"It is well," "It is well."

3 Beloved, "It is well,"
"It is well, "It is well."
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day
"It is well," "It is well."

4 Beloved, "It is well,"
"It is well," "It is well."
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heav'n and God.
"It is well," "It is well."

---

349 GONE TO HEAVEN.

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying
He can greet the opening tomb.

REF.— We'll meet again, by and by!
We'll meet again, by and by!
In the realms of endless glory
We shall meet, yes, by and by.

2 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay:
See him rise, o'er death victorious!
Angels beckon him away.

3 Hark! the golden harps are ringing!
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
Millions now in heaven singing,
Great his joyful entrance there.

GATHERING HOME.

UP to the bountiful giver of life,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

CHO.—Gathering home! gathering home!
Never to sorrow more, never to roam,
Gathering home, gathering home!
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.

---

351 GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

GOD'S word is full of promises
To weary souls of rest and peace;
But oh, most sweet of all to-day,
That God shall wipe all tears away.

CHO.—‖: All tears away, all tears away,
For God shall wipe all tears away. :‖

2 Here we may bear a heavy cross,
Our hearts grow sore with pain and loss;
But there in God's eternal day,
His hand shall wipe all tears away.

3 Oh, burdened heart, be brave to bear
Thy cross awhile—the crown is there!
Thy hand within the Father's lay,
Until he wipes all tears away.

352 BREVITY OF LIFE.

LIKE shadows that fly,
Like clouds in the sky,
Or vapors that vanish away;
Our lives disappear,
We cease to be here,
Death comes and his call we obey.

2 How swiftly we flee,
Like ships on the sea,
Or eagles that haste to the prey;
As stars shoot at night,
Our years take their flight,
We fall as the leaves that decay.

3 As grass of the field,
Our bodies we yield,
To death who cuts down young and old;
A moment is all,
Our life we can call,
'Tis spent as a tale that is told.

4 Then teach us, O Lord,
By means of thy word,
To number the days to us given,
Prepare us by grace,
To gaze on thy face,
And share in the glories of heaven.

353 FUNERAL OF A CHRISTIAN.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

354 DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say:
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

355 SWEET SABBATH OF REST.

WE would praise thee and bless thee, our
Father,
For the Sabbath of rest thou hast giv'n;
'Tis the emblem of rapture immortal,
'Tis the foretaste of pleasure in heaven.

REF.—Sweet Sabbath of rest, sweet Sabbath of
rest,
Sweet, sweet rest;

We would laud thee and thank thee, our Father,
For the gift of this Sabbath of rest.

2 When the work with its labors has ended,
How we greet the sweet Sabbath of rest;
And we hail with delight and with gladness,
The return of this season so blest.

3 From the world and its burdens, our Father,
On the Sabbath of rest we are free;
Then we soar on the wings of devotion,
And enjoy sweet communion with thee.

---

356 OPENING MORNING SERVICE.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to the day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

---

357 OPENING MORNING SERVICE.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,

Waiting in his courts to-day:
‖: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :‖

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
‖: From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee. :‖

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear,
‖: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast. :‖

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
‖: Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above;

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358 THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;

No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin,
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

359 OPENING MORNING SERVICE.

ANOTHER six day's work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 O that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

360 BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BEAUTIFUL day!
Radiant thy light;
Lovely each ray,
Beauteous and bright,
Joyous thy dawn, sweet is thy lay,
Holy forever, oh, beautiful day!

REF.—Beautiful, beautiful day!
Evermore shine on our way;

Saviour we pray, keep us alway,
Safe in this beautiful day.

2 Jesus our King,
Low at thy feet,
Tribute we bring,
Praises repeat,
Watch o'er my way, ne'er will I stray,
Far from the light of the beautiful day!

3 Sabbath so fair!
Welcome thy dawn,
Hallow'd the air,
Sanctified morn,
Chime on, sweet bells, gladly ye say,
Jesus the Saviour is calling to-day!

361 BOTTOMLEY.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:

Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say! Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

362 THE INSTITUTION.

WHAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repent,
"For me, he died for me!"

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing "Hosannah to the Lamb!"
The Lamb that died for me!

363 THE INVITATION.

THE King of heaven his table spreads
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

364 PENITENT SINNERS WELCOME.

THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup:
The juices of the living Vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread!

3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them:
"Ye trembling souls, appear!"
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 "Approach, ye poor, nor, dare refuse
The banquet spread for you:"
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news!
Then I may venture too.

365 *GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

GLORY to God in the highest!
Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
Another year's rich mercies prove
His ceaseless care and boundless love;

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So let our loudest voices raise
Our glad and grateful song of praise.
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2 Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
O, may we an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of His redeemed ones join the song.
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highers!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

366 NEW YEAR'S DAY.

COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moments refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me
to do!"

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

367 WATCH-NIGHT.

THOU Judge of quick and dead
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear.

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

4 O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

368 GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

WE thank thee, Lord of heav'n and earth,
Who hath preserved us from our birth
Redeemed us oft from death and dread,
And with thy gifts our tables spread.

2 We thank thee for thy still small voice
Which oft has checked our wayward choice;
For life preserved, for senses clear,
And for our friendships, doubly dear.

3 Thy providence has been our stay,
When other helps were far away;

Our constant guide through every stage,
From infancy to riper age.

4 How shall we half our task fulfill?
We thank thee for thy mind and will,
For present joys, for blessings past,
And for the hope of heaven at last.

369 HARVEST SONG.

LOOK abroad o'er the fields of the nation.
See the bounty that gladdens the land,
Raise your voice in the great convocation;
Praise the Lord for the work of his hand.

REF.—Praise his name, with a song,
For the gifts of his love, full and free;
Praise his name, with a song,
For the Lord of the harvest is he!

2 For the corn and the grain that we gather,
For the fruit of the field and the vine,
We will thank thee, oh, bountiful Father,
For the earth and its fullness are thine.

3 With the boughs of the trees, in their glory
We will gladden the house of the Lord,
And remember the beautiful story,
Of the festival days of his word.

The Bible.

370 PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the best volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race;
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

371 PSALM CXIX.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

372 EXCELLENCE OF GOD'S WORD.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort, stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

373 MORNING.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light!

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

374 MORNING.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Makers' praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

375 S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

376 EVENING.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown;
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

377 EVENING.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,

May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

378 EVENING.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

379 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

GLORY be to the Father
Glory be to the Son,
Glory be to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end, AMEN.

380 ST. ANN'S.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

381 OLD HUNDRED.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

382 SUMMERS.

PRAISE to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in One;
As 'twas of old, is now, shall be,
Ascribed to all eternity?

Part V.—Miscellany.

383 THE MEETING PLACE.

WHERE the faded flow'rs shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade.

CHO.—Father, we shall meet,
Father, we shall meet,
Father we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

2 Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or mead, or hill.

3 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the "joy prolong;"
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song.

384 WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the summit of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in beauty on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have clear'd away.

CHO.—We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone;
‖: In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away. :‖

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of love shall cover
All the faults that cloud our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have clear'd away.

3 When the mists shall rise above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows
Till the mists have clear'd away.

385 UNDER THE SHADOWS OF THY WING.

I WILL rejoice with gladness deep,
While in thy care I wake or sleep;
Close to thy side will ever cling,
‖: Under the shadow, the shadow of thy wing. :‖

CHO.—‖: Morning and ev'ning I will sing,
Under the shadow, the shadow of thy wing. :‖

2 I will rejoice that thou art near,
Thou wilt the faintest whisper hear;
Darkness may come, but I will sing,
‖: Under the shadow, the shadow of thy wing. :‖

3 I will rejoice, my heart doth leap;
To thee in danger I will creep,
Counting it joy all pain to bring,
‖: Under the shadow, the shadow of thy wing. :‖

4 Safe in its shelter I would hide,
There let me evermore abide,
I can rejoice in ev'ry thing,
‖: Under the shadow, the shadow of thy wing. :‖

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386 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, away then with care,
No want shall I know while his mercy I share;
From pastures of plenty I'll gather my bread,
And by the still waters, my feet shall be led.

CHO.—The Lord is my Shepherd;
Away then with care,
‖: No want shall I know, while his mercy I share. :‖

2 He never forsakes me, tho' often I stray,
But gently reclaims me when tempted away;
Thro' darkness and danger he guides me along,
And tho' I am feeble, my Shepherd is strong.

3 I know I must pass thro' the valley of death,
But he will go with me, "Fear nothing," he saith;

Thy rod and thy staff, precious Saviour, shall be,
Strong help, and swift comfort, forever for me.

387 OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

THERE is a beautiful story,
That when earth's pilgrims get home,
To the bright mansions in glory,
No more to wander or roam;
Be they so humble or lowly,
Yet a sweet welcome awaits,
‖: This the grand song of the holy,
Open the beautiful gates. :‖

Cho.—Open the beautiful gates,
Here is a wand'rer that waits,
Weary and cold,
Out of the fold,
Open the beautiful gates.

2 Lov'd ones are leaving us ever,
Fading from you and from me,
And the dear faces we never,
Here in this earth-home shall see;
Heaven's bright sunlight is falling,
Over the lov'd one that waits,
‖: Angelic voices still calling,
Open the beautiful gates. :‖

3 Wearily here we now wander,
Over the troublesome way,
Looking with glad eyes up yonder,
To that fair realm of bright day;
Keeping the sweetest fore-knowing,
Of all the bliss that awaits,
‖: Hearing this song in our going,
Open the beautiful gates. :‖

388 SWEET REST.

COME unto me, all ye weary and worn;
All ye that labor and all that mourn,
All who have laid their sweet treasures away,
Far from the light of day;
Bring me your burden, ye fainting and weak;
I alone promise the rest ye seek;
Come, all ye stricken, by sorrow oppress'd,
And I will give you sweet rest!

REF.—Sowing or reaping,
Smiling or weeping,
Whate'er the labor assign'd you may be.
Jesus will give you sweet rest!

2 Easy my yoke, and my burden is light;
I am the Way in the darksome night:
Follow me, trusting wherever I lead,
Giving you all ye need;
And if thy pathway seem rugged and drear,
Follow, still follow the voice you hear,
Leading you safely, with all who are blest,
To the sweet haven of rest!

3 Listen! oh! listen! 'tis Jesus to-day
Calls you from sorrows of earth away,
All, all are bidden to seek the bright goal,
Rest for the weary soul!
Come, and drink now of the River of Life;
Cast off the burdens of sin and strife;
Follow wherever his footstep hath prest,
Finding sweet comfort and rest!

389 HAPPY PILGRIMS.

TO the heavenly Jerusalem
They are singing as they go;
And the King thereof shall welcome them,
For he loves, he loves them so.

CHO.—Thro' the open, pearly portals
Sounds the wondrous new-made song;
And the anthems of immortals
Greet the happy, pilgrim throng.

2 In the heavenly Jerusalem,
No more night their souls shall know;
There the Lord's dear face shall shine on them,
For he loves, he loves them so.

CHO.—There the crystal river floweth,
There the healing leaves are found;
There no sorrow ever goeth,
And eternal joys abound.

3 In the heavenly Jerusalem,
All their tears shall cease to flow;
No more sorrow, pain nor death for them,
For he loves, he loves them so.

CHO.—They shall serve him there forever,
Sweetly singing songs of love;
They shall wander from him never
In that blissful world above.

4 To the heavenly Jerusalem,
With the pilgrims will you go?
Singing songs of endless praise with them,
For he loves, he loves them so.

CHO.—By the crystal flowing river,
Where the joyous anthems swell,
Will you enter and forever
In the heav'nly, city dwell.

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390 NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad.

In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals have ever been told.

CHO.—Not half has ever been told;
Not half has ever been told;
Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the joys that await them
To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
And my glory eternally share;"
How the righteous are evermore blessed
As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon from ev'ry transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how he'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold;
But not half of his goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

391 KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

HEAV'NLY Father, keep me near thee!
Let me never go astray!
When temptations fierce assail me,
Help me to resist, I pray!
‖: Guide me, with thy word and spirit,
In the good and righteous way;
Thro' the Saviour's blood and merit,
Purge my stains of guilt away! :‖

2 I am feeble, frail unstable,
Vile, corrupt, unclean within,
Thou art mighty, strong, and able,
To deliver me from sin.
‖: Hear, O Lord, my supplication!
Listen to my earnest cry!
Grant me mercy and salvation,
Lest I perish, faint or die! :‖

3 When my days are dark and dreary
With affliction, toil and grief,
When I'm lonely, sad and weary,
Give me succor and relief!
‖: With thy pow'rful arm uphold me;
Lead me in thy perfect way;
Till with rapture I behold thee,
In the realms of endless day! :‖

392 WHEN MY WORK IS DONE.

ONLY when vict'ry ends the fray,
The last battle won;
Only when shadows close the day
Will my work be done;
Struggles fierce and battles long,
Foes unnumbered round me throng;
Waving banners victor's song
Cheer my spirit on.

CHO.—When the clouds are over-past,
Forth will shine the sun;
Victory will come at last,
When my work is done.

2 Many a soul in sin enslaved
Must for Christ be won;
Many a brother must be saved,
Ere my work is done;
Others may their pow'rs employ,
Seeking pleasures which alloy;
Jesus' work is all my joy,
As my days glide on.

3 Only a few more days remain,
Life will soon be gone;
Hasten my feet midst toil and pain,
Till my work is done;
Souls in darkness wail and cry,
Let me to their rescue fly;
Show to those about to die,
Christ, God's blessed Son.

---

393 SLEEPER, AWAKE!

SLEEPER, awake! the sun is high,
The morning hours will soon pass by;
Sleeper, awake! why idling here
When earth's wide fields all white appear?

CHO.—Sleeper, awake! sleeper, awake!
Sleeper awake! the day is passing by!
Sleeper, awake! sleeper, awake!
Sleeper awake! the night is drawing nigh!

2 Sleeper, awake! heav'n's joys, I fear
Are not for those who idle here,
Sleeper, awake! life's meaning learn,
From slumber rise to labor turn.

3 Sleeper, awake! how canst thou rest
When souls are lost and hearts oppress'd?
Sleeper, awake! God calls to-day
Lead back to Christ the souls that stray.

394 WASTED LIFE.

NOTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife.

CHO.—‖: Nothing, nothing, nothing but leaves! :‖

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair rip'ning grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap with toil and pain.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves.

395 BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

BEAR ye one another's burdens,
As ye pass thro' life along;
All have burdens they must carry,
Whether they be weak or strong.

I have borne your burdens for you,
I your debt of sin did pay;
And the strong should help the feeble,
That they faint not by the way.

CHO.—Bear ye one another's burdens!
Bear ye one another's burdens!
Bear ye one another's burdens!
Bear them freely; bear them now!

2 Bear ye one another's burdens,
Whatsoever they may be;
Giving aid to one another,
Is the same as unto me.
Even tho' your load be heavy,
Ye can all some help afford;
Ev'ry one can do a little,
With a pleasant look or word.

3 Bear ye one another's burdens,
As ye journey here below,
Strive to lessen those of others,
And your own shall lighter grow.
When ye gather over yonder,
In the regions of the blest,
Ye shall bear no tiresome burdens,
Ye shall enter into rest.

---

396 LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou, the refuge of my soul,
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
All my hopes on thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, then, at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

---

397 TIME'S SWIFT CHARIOT.

I HAVE heard of a country where pilgrim's forever
Are free from all sorrow and care,
Where friendship is changeless, where love dieth never,
And oh, how I long to be there.

CHO.—‖: Then let time's swift chariot roll by!
Let time's swift chariot roll by—roll by!
The sooner earth's trials and sorrows shall cease,
The sooner we'll enter the mansions of peace! :‖

2 I am weary of trusting in earth's fleeting treasures
Of loving what passes away,
But in that better country God tells me its pleasure
Are lasting and ne'er will decay.

3 There pilgrims who once o'er earth's sorrows were sighing
Are safe in the haven of rest,
With angelic choristers now they are vieing
In singing the song of the blest.

4 And soon within the saints of all ages we'll meet them,
And dwell with that heavenly throng,
And the loved of our hearts, we in triumph shall greet them,
And join in their rapturous song.

---

398 GALILEE.

EACH cooing dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Has something far diviner now;
It bears me back to Galilee.

CHO.—O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come, sing thy song again to me.

2 Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

3 And when I read the thrilling love
Of him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more
To follow him in Galilee.

---

399 SILENT TO THEE.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing, no mortal can see,
So, deep in my heart, the still pray'r of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee.

CHO.—Silent to thee,
My God to thee,
Pure, warm, silent to thee,
Pure, warm, silent to thee.

2 As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dark sea,
So, dark though I roam thro' this win'try world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee.

CHO.—Trembling to thee,
My God to thee,
True, fond, trembling to thee,
True, fond, trembling to thee.

400 LIFE'S LOT.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not.
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

REF.—But this I know,
There is a hand divine
That holds me still,
Whatever lot be mine.

2 Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.
The dearest friends I have on earth
May all depart;

The purest joys may fade, and leave
An aching heart.

3 My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
More strong than mine;
One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

4 He holds me midst the billows' might
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all—
Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

---

401 MIGHTY TO SAVE.

O WHO is this that cometh
From Edom's crimson plain,
With wounded side, with garments dyed?
O tell me now thy name!
I that saw thy soul's distress,
A ransom gave;
I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty to save.

CHO.—Mighty to save, mighty to save, mighty to save,
Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, mighty to save.

2 O why is thy apparel
With reeking gore all dyed,
Like them that tread the winepress red?
O why this bloody tide?
I the winepress trod alone,
'Neath dark'ning skies;
Of the people there was none
Mighty to save.

3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour!
How could'st thou bear this shame?
With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought
Salvation in my name;
I the bloody fight have won,
Conquered the grave:
Now the year of joy has come,
Mighty to save.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A

	No.
A charge to keep I have...	62
A few more years shall roll	154
A gentle breeze from Eden's land...	215
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	23
All glory and praise be to Jesus	251
All hail the power of Jesus' name...	90
Amazing grace	158
Am I a soldier of the Cross	49
Another six day's work is done	359
Approach my soul, the mercy seat	249
Are you coming home to-night?	221
Are you ready for the Bridegroom	186
Are you staying, safely staying	229
Are you weary	149
Assailed by temptation	169
Assembled at thy great command...	311
As when the weary traveler gains...	209
Awake, Jerusalem, awake	106
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	104

B

Beautiful day	360
Before Jehovah's awful throne	96
Behold a stranger at the door...	265
Behold the little flock	280
Behold what wondrous grace...	56
Beloved, it is well	348
Be it my only wisdom here	57
Beyond this land of parting	197
Blest are the sons of peace	375
Blest assurance ever dear...	165
Brother, if thy step gets weary	161
Brothers, rally for the conflict...	300

C

Can you read a clear title? 157
Celestial Dove, come from above 45
Children of the heavenly King 152
Christ, the Lord, is risen to day 338
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts 61
Come, Holy Spirit, come... 47
Come, humble sinner, in whose 255
Come, let us anew 366
Come, let us join with one accord 356
Come, let us join our cheerful songs 110
Come, Lord, and tarry not 313
Come, needy sinners... 243
Come, thou almighly King 51
Come, thou Fount of every blessing 117
Come, thou long expected Jesus 303
Come to Jesus 248
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy... 250
Come, ye sinners, come to-day 228
Come ye that love the Lord 101
Commit thou all thy griefs 65

D

Day by day the manna fell 137
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly 167
Depth of mercy! can there be 268
Do not faint when tribulation... 151
Do something for Jesus to-day 282
Down at the Cross 131

E

Ere you left your room this morning 6

F

Fade, fade each earthly joy 166
Far down the ages now 320
Father, I dare believe 135
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee 270

Forever here my rest shall be... 39
Fountain of life to all below 59
From all the dark places of earth's 312
From all that dwell below the skies 310
From every stormy wind that blows 71
From Greenland's icy mountains... 316

G

Give to the winds thy fears 66
Glory be to God on high 111
Glory be to the Father 379
Glory to God in the highest 365
Go and tell Jesus 173
Go forth among the poor... 287
Go ye to the woodlands 334
God moves in a mysterious way 21
God of my life, whose gracious 14
God's word is full of promises... 351
Great God! attend while zion sings 85
Great God! to whom alone belong... 296
Great is the Lord, who ruleth over... 91
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah... 86

H

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds 304
Hark! hark! my soul... 333
Hark! the gentle voice of Jesus 222
Hark! the herald angels sing... 328
Hark! the voice of countless 120
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying 292
Harvester, harvester, gather 275
Have you been to Jesus for the 163
Hasten, sinner, to be wise 266
Hear the voice of Jesus say 271
He dies, the Friend of 361
He has finished His work... 346
He leadeth me 172
He leads us on 153

He that goeth forth with weeping 324
High in the heavens, eternal God... 118
Holy night! peaceful night! 329
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide 1
Home beyond, by and by... 207
How are you living 185
How blest the righteous when he 354
How calm and beautiful the morn... 331
How can a sinner know 8
How did my heart rejoice to hear 84
How firm a foundation 182
How happy every child of grace 125
How, oh how, are you living 185
How precious the blood 20
How shall the young secure their 371
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 112
How tedious and tasteless the... 188

I

I am coming to the cross... 259
I am so glad that our Father in 141
I am thine, O Lord 156
I am waiting for the morning... 187
I bring my sins to Thee 146
I cannot forsee 177
I follow the footsteps of Jesus... 164
If I, like Galilee fishers 281
I have a sweet hope that 150
I have entered the valley of blessing 160
I have found repose for my weary 132
I have labored for thee, O sin... 234
I hear the Saviour say 33
I hear thy welcome voice... 155
I gave my life for thee 295
I know I love Thee better, Lord 140
I left it all with Jesus long ago 162
I love to tell the story 53

I love thy Kingdom, Lord 260
I'm glad that I am born to die 138
I need Thee every hour 7
I need the prayers 17
In the Christian's home in glory 204
In the desert days of old 323
In the gospel's sweet, old story 34
In the soft season of thy youth... 267
In thy wondrous times of old 327
Into the tent where a gipsy boy lay... 318
I saw a way-worn traveler 144
I think I should mourn o'er my 272
It may be far. it may be near 43
I've reached the land of corn and... 159
I've strayed till late 247
I want to be a worker for the Lord 294
I want to be more like Jesus 28
I will sing of my Redeemer 103
I will sing you a song 199

J

Jerusalem, my happy home 203
Jesus, and shall it ever be 121
Jesus, gracious one, calleth now 232
Jesus, immortal King, arise 314
Jesus, I my Cross have taken... 178
Jesus, keep me near the Cross 9
Jesus, let thy pitying eye... 218
Jesus, Lover of my soul 29–30
Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem 50
Jesus, my strength, my hope 48
Jesus, now, is my salvation 180
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun... 309
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns 336
Jesus, the name high over all... 290
Jesus, thou everlasting King 98
Jesus, we look to Thee 83

Joyful sound that I love to hear 305
Joy, joy, joy! 116
Joy to the world—the Lord is come 342
Just as I am 269

L

Laden with a heavy burden 244
Let everlasting glories crown 372
Let every tongue thy goodness 119
Let us gather up the sunbeams 283
Liken the Kingdom to the 273
Like shadows that fly... 352
List! list, to the chime of the 337
Long my spirit pined in 44
Lord God, the Holy Ghost 72
Lord, how secure and blest are 113
Lord, I believe a rest remains... 38
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings 242
Lord, in the strength of grace... 136
Lord of the harvest, hear... 289
Lord, we come before thee now 64
Lo! the Bridegroom at the door 174
Look abroad o'er the fields 369

M

More love, O God, to thee 145
Mourn for the thousands slain... 288
My dear Redeemer and my Lord 80
My God, I know, I feel thee mine... 189
My God, my portion and my love 55
My heart was oppressed 129
My latest sun is sinking fast 171
My soul be on thy guard 58
My soul repeat his praise... 97
My spirit in hope is rejoicing 168

N

Nature with open volume stands 114
Nearer, my God, to thee 16
No one can tell when the Saviour... 40
Now from the altar of our hearts 376
Now let the Father and the Son 380
Now thanks be unto God... 93
Now to heaven our prayers 285

O

O all ye works of the Lord 108
O bless the Lord, my soul 115
O come and dwell in me 74
O for a closer walk with God 19
O for a thousand tongues to sing 123
O for a heart to praise my God 76
O God, our help in ages past... 18
O happy day that fixed my choice... 170
O Lord Divine, how sweet thou art 100
O may Thy powerful word 70
O might my lot be cast with these... 133
O, prodigal, don't stay away 223
O that in me the sacred fire 75
O that my load of sin were gone 15
O the Saviour's at the door 219
O the unsearchable riches 176
O Thou who camest from above 78
O when shall I dwell... 147
O where shall rest be found 252
Oh, do not let the word depart 239
Oh, sometimes the shadows are 5
Oh, the Saviour is calling to-day 263
Oh, think of the home over there 214
Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion 147
Oh, when shall I see Jesus 10
Oh, where are the reapers 277
Oh, ye who have lost your 254

Of him who did salvation bring 105
Once more we come before our God 68
Once more, my soul, the rising day 373
Once o'er Judea's hills by night 335
O'er the desert and dreary way 238
O'er the hills and adown the snowy 343
One more day's work for Jesus 276
One sweetly solemn thought 127
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand... 210
On the mountain's top appearing 321
On the shining shore with happy 193
Only a season brief 206
Only a step to Jesus 233
Our heavenly Father! 42
Out of darkness into light 102

P

Pass me not... 231
Praise God from whom all 381
Praise the Father and the Son 382
Praise the Lord, the rock of ages 94
Praise the Saviour, all ye... 302
Prayer is appointed to convey... 37
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire 46

R

Repeat the story o'er and o'er... 130
Return, O wanderer, return 258
Rock of ages, cleft for me 87
Rocked upon the raging billow 54
Round the temperance standard 293

S

Safe in the arms of Jesus... 145
Safely through another week 357
Said a voice, behold 235
Salvation! O the joyful sound... 124
Saviour, breathe an evening 377

Saviour, more than life to me... 4
Say, have you read in the story 194
Say not, for the harvest wait 325
Say, who hath sorrow 297
See how the morning sun... 374
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve 67
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive 253
Since all the varying scenes of time 60
Sing of Jesus 92
Sing to the Lord for the 99
Sing we now the praises 344
Sinner, how thy heart is troubled 237
So let our lips and lives express 36
Soldiers of Christ, arise 82
Sowing in the morning 291
Sow in the morn thy seed... 299
Spirit of faith, come down 73
Sweet hour of prayer... 2
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard the... 41
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing 109

T

Take the name of Jesus with you 24
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal... 63
Tell it out among the nations 307
Tell me all about Jesus 27
That doleful night before His death 362
The day of wrath, that dreadful day 262
The great Physician 142
The half has never been told 140
The half was never told 130
The harvest dawn is near... 317
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 370
The King of heaven His table... 363
The Lord is risen indeed 340
The Lord my Shepherd is 139
The mistakes of my life have been... 264
The morning light is breaking... 326

The praying spirit breathe 79
The precious promise by Jesus 128
The Saviour at the door 219
The voice of the Lord sweetly sayeth 35
There are lights by the shore of 184
There are lonely hearts to cherish... 284
There is a city built above 200
There is a fountain filled with blood 11
There is a gate that stands ajar 25
There is a guiding heart above 301
There is a land of pure delight 191
There is a mansion fair and bright... 217
There is joy in heaven to-day 230
There is peace only in His name 179
There's a beautiful place 211
There's a cry from Macedonia... 308
There's a comfort and peace for the 225
There's a fountain free 241
There's a glorious invitation 245
There's a home in heaven for me 207
There's a land of love shining far 198
There's a land that is fairer than 192
There's a mansion of rest... 205
There's a song in the air 341
There's a wail from the islands of... 306
There's work for the hand 286
They're gathering homeward 347
Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we 358
Through all the changing scenes of 95
This is the feast of heavenly wine 364
Though now the nations 315
Though our pathway may be dreary 32
Though the shadows gather 190
Thou hidden love of God... 13
Thou judge of quick and dead... 367
Thou, my everlasting portion... 148
Thousands stand to-day in sorrow... 227

Thus far the Lord hath led me on... 378
Thy name. almighty Lord 322
Tidings of joy 330
'Tis grace! 'tis grace... 107
'Tis my happiness below 134
'Tis the promise of God 126
To-morrow, Lord, is thine 261
Try us, O God, and search the 22

U

Up to the bountiful Giver of life 350

W

We are marching to Canaan 208
We are passing, swiftly passing 195
We are on our journey home 216
We have heard there is a fountain... 226
We thank thee, O our God 93
We thank thee, Lord of heav'n and 368
We three Kings 332
We would praise thee and b ess 355
We'll praise the Lord 122
We've listed in a holy war 278
Welcome, Christmas... 339
What a friend we have in Jesus 3
What are you sowing, my brother 220
What is life... 204
What means this eager anxious 236
What poor despised company... 143
When I can read my title clear 183
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay 77
When marshaled on the nightly 345
When, my Saviour, shall I be 69
When my spirit is rent with the 181
When the cry shall be made 175
When torn is thy bosom by sorrow... 12
When we get home 196
When we hear the music ringing 212
Where the jasper walls are beaming 213

While life prolongs its precious 256
While Thee I seek, protecting... 52
Who at my door is standing 240
Who, who, are these clothed in 201
Whosoever will 22
Why do we mourn departing friends 35
Why lament the Christian dying 34
Will you drink the flowing fountain 246
Witness ye men and angels, now 257
Work, for the night is coming... 279
Would you truly follow Jesus... 31

Y

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim... 319
Ye servants of the Lord 81
Ye who sow with anxious... 298
Yield not to temptation 26

MISCELLANY.

As down in the sunless retreats 399
Bear ye one another's burdens 395
Come unto me, all ye weary and 388
Each cooing dove and sighing bough 398
Heav'ly Father, keep me near Thee 391
I have read of a beautiful city... 390
I have heard of a country where 497
I will rejoice with gladness 385
I know not if the dark or bright 400
Nothing but leaves! 394
Only when vict'ry ends the fray 392
O who is this that cometh from 401
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray... 396
Sleeper, awake!... 393
The Lord is my shepherd... 386
There is a beautiful story... 387
To the heavenly Jerusalem 389
When the mists have cleared away... 384
Where the faded flow'rs shall... 383

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